MRS. ALDERMAN CASEY

IRENE STODDARD CAPWELL

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Mrs. Alderman Casey.

—*Frontispiece*

MRS. ALDERMAN CASEY

By

Irene Stoddard Capwell

Drawings by W. Herbert Dunton

R. F. FENNO & COMPANY
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Mrs. Alderman Casey

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MRS. ALDERMAN CASEY

MRS. ALDERMAN CASEY.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. CASEY'S NEIGHBORS.

MRS. CASEY sat at the front window, in her best rocker, with her mending basket on another chair beside her. Her round, rosy face wore a look of tranquil content. This was the one time of all the week when her occupation gave her the pleasing opportunity of paying a little attention to the affairs of her neighbors. Her post of observation at this particular window commanded a view of intersecting streets, and, while the holes in the family hosiery grew rapidly less, nothing that passed outside escaped the notice of the observant lady of the darning needle.

Upstairs, Mary Ann could be heard running the sewing machine, and singing "Violets" in a clear, sweet voice.

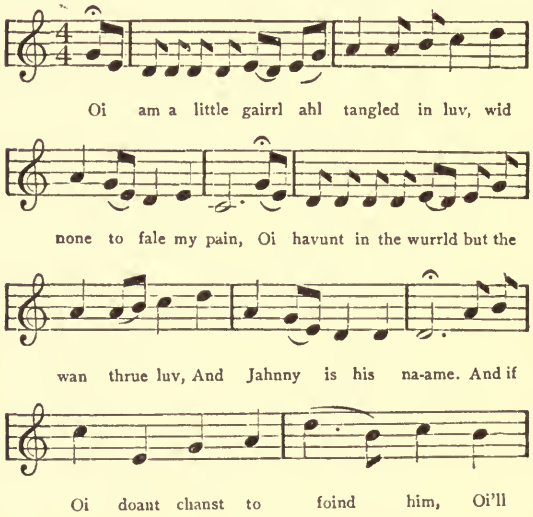
"'Tis a bit warrum," said Mrs. Casey, aloud to herself. "I'll be openin' the

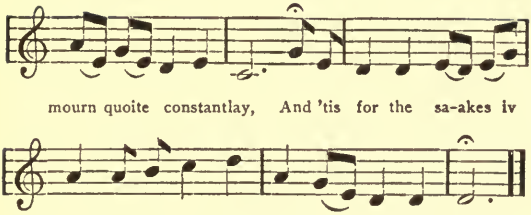
windy. I wondher where that Mickey does be gahn wid the baby. Shure Oi towld him not to be goin' aff the block!"

She thrust her head out of the window and looked up and down the street, but the recreant Mickey was not visible.

"Wait till Oi catch him!" she went on, calmly resuming her rocking and the reducing of a sizable hole in the Senior Casey's sock.

Mary Ann's example inspired her to melody and she warbled pensively,


Oi am a little gairrl ahl tangled in luv, wid
none to fale my pain, Oi havunt in the wurrld but the
wan thrue luv, And Jahnny is his na-ame. And if
Oi doant chanst to foind him, Oi'll



"There's Tim O' Shea jist goin' to his wurrk! 'Tis a foine toime o'day he's takin'. He 'll not be kapin' his new job lahng, O'im thinkin', the loafer!

'Oi am a little gairrl ahl—'

"Who's that goin' into the Hinnissey's? It isn't—yis, it is—it's the landlard. That's foive toimes this month he's been there. Shure they must be behoind wid the rint and no wondher, wid Hinnissey ahl the toime at the saloon, bad luck to him! There he goes now, shloidin' out the back dure, the ould omadhoun, and lavin' his poor woife to shtand aff the landlard! An' she washin' the fingers iv her to the boane to pay fer his whiskey! Yis, 'tis shtraight to the saloon he does be goin'—Poor Mag!

'And 'tis for the sa-akes iv you, Jahnny dear,
Oi'll plough the raging sa-ay!'

"Will ye look at that now!" spreading out her hand in the foot of a boy's stocking. "Oi niver sane the loike iv the howls Patsy does be wearin' in his stockuns! Two, t'ree, four, foive—and aitch wan bigger than ahl the rist!

'Oi havunt in the wurrld but the wan thrue luv,
And Jahnny—'

"Phwat's the bakery waggin doin' nixt dure? Some wan must be goin' to have a parrthy! Will it be the O'Briens or the Hogans Oi wondher? It can't be the O'Gradys fer the ould wumman's in bid wid roomatiz, an' Jimmy's in jail fer foightin' the Dutchman ferninst the grocery. Ca-akes! Three iv thim! Howly shmoke! Chocklit and cokynut an' fruit ca-ake it looks loike! Who can it be? Will they be havin' oice crame to go wid thim? Shure! There's a frayzer in the waggin. There cooms the b'y back to fetch it. No! They're dhroivin' aff widout lavin' anny. That's quare! What'll they be atin' wid all that ca-ake? Tay, Oi wondher, or limminade or beer may be. Will it be afthernoon or noight! If that imp iv a Mickey wud shtay phwere he was wanted, Oi cud sind him to ax the Hogan's kids.

"There goes Katie Murphy wid a new Shpring hat an, the throllop! Phwat's she waitin' fer, shtandin' there an the carner, lookin' boath ways? 'Tis some mischief she's up to, Oi'll lay. Aha! Oi t'ought so! Mary Ann! Luk out the windy! Who's the jude wid the hoigh hat that's shpakin' to Katie Murphy? Phwat's that? The barkaper at Crogan's? Faith, he luks ut. It's no fit company he is fer a daycint gairrl Oi'll be bound. There they go up the shtrate—

"There's that little lame choild agin, poor t'ing! She looks that sick an' shtarved. Mary Ann! Go fetch that lame choild to the kitchun and fade her fer wanst in her loife. She does be lookin' that dilikit!

"The fer rint soign's gahn from the house the Mullaly's moved from. Oi wondher is it rinted. Shure 'twas no loss to the neighborhood phwin thim Mullalys wint! Sich a doin's as they kipt up! Cyarrd parthies an' tays an' dances an' picnics an' boogy roides! Thim gairrls was an the go ivery wa-akin' minnut, an' a good manny that should have bin shlapin' wans! They say the ould man do be makin' a poile iv money wid a harrse race a phwoile ago. Faith he'll

nade ut, wid his woife wearin' doimins as big as pays, and himself boyin' wan iv thim naughtymobles, to shcare the loife out iv daycint quoit payple that injys sittin' out an the pavemint iv a warrum avenin'. 'Tis too foine they were fer this shtrate an' it's glad Oi am they're gahn. Mary Ann was gittin' that onaisy, wid wahntin' drisses that was comin' aff her at the top an' woipin' up the flure at the fate, loike Judy Mallaly!

Oi am a little gairrl ahl tangled in luv,
Wid none to fale moy pain,
Oi havunt in the wurr—'

"Be the powers! Phwat's that! It shure do be a move waggin shtoppin' at the Mullaly house! Mary Ann! Ma-ary A-n-n! There's some wan movin' in at the Mullaly's! Coom quick! There's another load coomin' up the shtrate! Jahnny!" to a small boy who entered the room at that moment, "Roon over to the grocery an' ax Mrs. Flynn does she be knowin' who ut is movin' in to the Mullaly house! An' if ye see Mickey till him Oi'll not lave a whole bo-ane to him fer goin' aff the block! Grane furnitoor wid flowers an ut! That must be fer the paarlor. 'Tis not so foine as the Mullaly's, but it'll do. Howly Saints! There's a

brass bid! Aiven the Mullalys didn't have no brass bid! An' a brass crib too! Wid lace curtains to ut! Aw, did ye iver see the loike! That's a foine lookin'-glass! Phwoy doan't Jahnny coom back? Oh, here ye arre! Well, who is ut? Some payple named Fogarty, did ye say? The only Fogartys Oi know arre the Dinnis Fogartys that lived ferninst us in the tinimint house befoor we moved here, but it cuddent be thim, fer they was that poor the childher hadn't shoes to their fate, lit alone brass cribs.

"Begorra! D' ye moind the ile paintin'! Thim's foine pigs, barrin' Oi nivver sane anny purrple wans befoor! If Oi cud have a pitcher iv the pig Oi lift behoind me in the ould counthry (an' manny's the toime Oi'd have loiked that sa-ame) 'twud be jist black an' phwoite Oi'd have ut, wid plinty iv the blissid sile iv ould Oirland shprid over him to tone him down, an' a bit iv the ould sod fer a background. Oi want no purrple pigs, aiven if they do be the latest shtoyle.

"That's a threemindous big sofy they're takin' in! A dayvinpoort is ut! Shure Oi suppose a sofy wid anny other na-ame wud sit as aisy. An' phwat d'ye call the glass

cupboard? A cabbynit, is ut? Fer to kape the bricky brack in, ye say! Moy! Phwat shtoyle! The mantel-pace 'll do fer the loikes iv me. An' will ye luk at the muggany furnitoor! Bureaus an' wash-shtands an'—that must be the wumman hersilf goin' up the shtips now! Oi wish she'd turrn around till Oi'd be gettin' a look at the fa-ace iv her. 'Tis a foine coat she has an, if ye loike thim noight shurrt coats—Oi doan't. There! She's lukin this way now! She luks moighty loike—but it cuddent be—Howly Saints—it is!—shure it is!—Mary Fogarty as Oi'm a sober wumman! Hurry oop, Mary Ann, and bring the new-mony bottle and howld me phoile Oi t'rows a fit! Mary Fogarty wid a brass bid an' rale muggany furnitoor! an' a noight shurrt coat!! 'Tis that wake Oi am Oi'll not be shlapin' this noight! D'ye moind the dinky gowld chair goin' in! Faith, Oi mind the time phwin the ind iv a wash tub was an aisy sate, an' a shtraw tick an' the flure foornished the bid room wid looxury, an' wan bid room an' the kitchun did fer the fam'ly. Now 'tis a tin room brick house, wid a foornis in winther an' scranes an' arrnings in soomer, an' a bath room! Howly snakes! but it bates

the divil! Phwat's that! A nurse gairrl coom wid a ba-aby in a gran' boogy wid a lace umbrelly to ut! an' pink ribbins! An' the nurse gairrl wid a cap an' phwoite apron! Howld me, Mary Ann, I fale another fit coomin'!

"That must be the other choild that was the ba-aby phwin Oi knew thim! Luk at her now will yees! Oi t'ink 'tis ondaycint! A big gairrl loike that wid phwoite stockuns an' bare legs! 'Tis a half yarrd iv knees that do be showin' below the sharrt skurrts iv her! An' luk at the b'y! 'Twill not be lang befoor Mickey and Jahnny 'll be shpilin' the foine clothes iv him! Phwere in the wurrld cud Dinnis Fogarty have raised the money fer the loikes iv this? Aw, wirra, wirra! but it's a quare wurrld! Some goes up an' some goes down! Shure the hivvens bees fallin' down an me! Mary Fogarty wid a brass bid an a dure mat hat an' a noight shurrt coat! An' she that used to come borryin' an ould shawl iv me that she moightn't be goin' to Mass in her sha-ape!

"Is that a doinin' table they're takin' in now? Fer payple that's ated widout wan fer the moast iv their loives 'tis a gran' big shiney wan! Oi suppose they has finger

bowls to dhrink out iv an' a maid to wait an thim, an' limmins in their tay! Look at the lither chairs! Phwat's the waggin that's shtoppin' there now! Can ye see? The Tillyphoan Company, did ye say? Glory to goodniss! Phwat nixt! The Fogartys wid a tillyphoan! Isn't that a pianny waggin? Howly St. Pathrick! Who'll be playin' ut? It must be the ouldest gairrl, Annie—Oi t'ink her na-ame was. She must be groan be this toime. There goes Mrs. Flanigan! Howld an a minnut Mrs. Flanigan! Do ye know the Fogartys that's movin' in yander? Phwere did they git the money to pit an sich shtoyle? Phwat! Annie playin' voodyville at the t'eatre! That's it, is ut? Well, Oi knew 'twas nivver Dinnis Fogarty that made ut! But who'd ivver t'ink that the dirrthy little dhrab that used to sit an the currb shtone nurrsin' the baby wud be play actin' in a t'eatre! Singin' an' dancin' is she! Great da-ay!

"There cooms the grocery waggin an' the bootcher from the nixt carrner to git their thrade alriddy! An' there's Timminses' millik waggin! Shure they shan't take millik iv that thafe iv the wurrld if Bridget

Casey can shtop ut. Trun down me shawl quick, Mary Ann, till Oi be goin' over an' till thim Canty's millik is the only millik that's fitten fer a daycint Christian to dhrink! If Oi'm not back in foive minnuts, pit an the praties fer dinner. Timmins indade!"

CHAPTER II.

THE RISE OF THE CASEY FAMILY.

WHEN Michael Casey brought his young wife to America, and, a little later, to Chicago, the new city was rising on the ruins left by the great fire of '71, and there was work in plenty. Michael was a stone mason, and a good one. More than that, he was strong, quick and intelligent, a hard worker and ambitious.

The contractor who employed him—an Irishman himself—took a liking to his frank-faced young countryman and kept watch of him. In time he was made foreman. Before that, however, he had managed, with Bridget's help, to put aside a little money. With better pay, he added to the small hoard, and then came the chance to invest in a bit of suburban property, on which he thought to build a cottage sometime. A sudden "boom" in real estate in this particular suburb changed his plans, however. He sold out at a good profit and bought a cheaper

lot, which, in its turn, increased in value and was sold. His friend and employer, John Gilhooley, the contractor, needing a little ready money at this time, offered Michael a partnership, which was promptly accepted.

They had lived at first in a very humble neighborhood, in a tenement house containing a motley collection of people of many nationalities including their own. Two rooms were sufficient for them then. After a time, as their family increased, they added two more.

It spoke well for Bridget's quality that these rooms were always an object lesson in neatness to her generally shiftless and untidy neighbors. She was not only thrifty and tidy, but took a warm interest in life and all that concerned the busy swarm about her, having an open hand to help and a ready wit to counsel. So her little home became a sort of social center, answering all the purposes of day nursery for the children of mothers who could not otherwise have gone out to work, an informal court for the arbitration of family quarrels, an unlicensed pawnshop where at times small loans might be obtained without interest, to tide some unfortunate over a temporary difficulty ; and

a storehouse where might be found many of those things sought after by the chronic borrower, from a "spoonfle iv tay," or "a dhrop iv millik if ye plaze, mum," to Bridget's best bonnet for a wake or a wedding.

While a shrewd observer and keen judge of her kind, Mrs. Casey was an odd mixture of simplicity and astuteness, pugnacity and kindliness, good sense and eccentricity.

Though gladly profiting by her advice and assistance, the less worthy of her beneficiaries often found these services attended by verbal castigation conducive to wholesome fear of her disapproval.

Her neighbors did not wait until they were in trouble, however, to seek her cheerful society. Her clean, comfortable rooms were the resort of whoever could spare a moment from work, to sit down for a brief social chat. Mrs. Casey's popularity at such times was great. She was a capital story teller and liked nothing better than an audience. The talk, at first general, would gradually become so dominated by the forceful personality of the hostess that it would take the form of a monologue by her, interspersed with exclamatory asides such as, "Thrue fer ye, Mrs. Casey, darlint!" "Ach,

Himmel!" "D'ye moind that now!" and the like, from her open-mouthed listeners. Her tales and experiences formed the basis, however, for plenty of garrulity on the part of these same listeners when among themselves, and the various points were rehearsed volubly, losing nothing in the process.

With the rising fortunes of the Caseys came the move to a less crowded and more attractive locality. The rapidly growing family now had a neat two-story frame-house to themselves—a state of grandeur dwelt upon with unlimited embellishments by their old neighbors, most of whom took occasion to visit them at an early date.

"Have ye been to the Caseys' yet, Mrs. Rosenstein?" Mrs. O'Toole would call over the bannisters to the "Jew lady" on the floor below.

"No, but I think it iss to-day I go. Mine Sadie, she miss to play mit Mary Ann. It iss fine house, yes?"

"Aw, shure! 'Tis illigint it is! Wid a be-ewtifle cyarpit in the pa-arlor, an' ra-ale Nottigum la-ace currtains! An' a table t' ate aff iv that ye can opin in the middle an' pit in moare boards phwin yez do be havin' coompany! 'Tis gra-ate!"

"Yes, I seen tables like dose by mine Abraham's store alretty!" (Mr. Rosenstein was a dealer in second-hand furniture) "I knowed a lady vonce, vat had all times tables like dose, und——"

"An' phwat d'ye t'ink! The Caseys bees afther gettin' a whole dozen iv ra-ale silver plated farrks an' the sa-ame iv shpoons, an' a lot iv new choiny dishes——"

"An' did ye moind the foine new cook shtove, an' the new tins, Mrs. O'Toole?" broke in Mrs. Flaherty from across the landing.

"I knowed a lady vonce—" began Mrs. Rosenstein again, but the affairs of her former acquaintance could not compete in interest with those of Mrs. Casey, and she was not allowed to proceed.

"Did ye fale the tow'ls, Mrs. Flaherty? 'Tis ra-ale linnun they arre!"

"Yis, an' the table clot's too! Faix the Caseys do be gra-and payple. 'Tis the illigint ant-sisthers they bees after havin' in the ould coonthry."

"Ya-as, vair nice-a peoples," concurred Mrs. Barillo of the third floor back, joining the group. "Ze Senora Casee she tella mea dey buy piano banby, maka de sweet museek!

Mairee Anna she tease her poppa! Vair fonda de museek!"

This report, though hardly credited at first, proved true, and was the crowning touch to the glory of the transplanted Caseys. Mary Ann was not only an atonishingly pretty and winning little damsel, but possessed of unusual mental quickness. Her reports from school were of such uniform excellence as to arouse in the breast of her proud mamma feelings of mingled admiration and awe. As for Michael, his pride in his promising offspring, and his ambitions for her future were commensurate with the possibilities of this new country, where the humblest boy may hope to be president, and the humblest girl the first lady in the land. The Casey boys (there were three of them then, one older and two younger than Mary Ann) had not, so far, given evidence of brilliancy of any kind, unless it might be an amazing talent for getting into mischief; a talent which was only prevented from developing into genius by a vigilant maternal eye and a prompt and effective maternal hand. But Mary Ann! *She* was something out of the ordinary and must be favored accordingly.

Mary Ann's love for music was marked, even as a tiny mite, when, scarce able to balance herself, she would keep perfect time, with voice and foot, to the music of the street piano, amid the group of children dancing and prancing on the sidewalk. Later on, in the musical exercises at school, hers was easily the sweetest voice and the truest ear. One day she heard her teacher say to the principal, "That child is a natural musician. She ought to have lessons." That night Mary Ann astonished her parents by announcing that she had chosen her profession; that she intended to be a music teacher!

"Did ye iver hear the loike!" ejaculated Mrs. Casey.

"Oi'm thinkin' she moight do worse," was the father's comment, as he exchanged admiring glances with his wife.

"And will you buy a piano for me, pa? and let me take lessons? Teacher says I ought to."

"Wan iv thim days, may be!" assented the indulgent parent, and received a strangling hug by way of payment for the promise.

Thereafter, a worn out coffee-pot on a high shelf in the kitchen was made the hiding-place of a new hoarding. This was found to

be sufficient, a year or so after the removal, to make a substantial first payment on the coveted piano, and Mary Ann's delight was boundless.

The street that the Caseys found themselves in was of a type very common a few years ago in Chicago, but now fast disappearing. The new building laws forbade frame structures, but previous to the fire there had been nothing else in this immediate vicinity and most of these still stood; some of them, like the Casey home, in good repair, and a more or less perceptible state of paint; others—though these were in the minority—dingy, one or two-story dwellings of a uniform smoke color and in various stages of dilapidation. Between these, at intervals, were vacant lots, usually below the grade of the sidewalk, the repositories of tin cans, ashes and much other refuse, and the playgrounds of the children of the neighborhood. At the street corners were usually to be found the ubiquitous saloon, a small grocery or meat market, and sometimes a little notion store, bakery or cigar store. Then, as now, however, growth was rapid, if not radical, in restless Chicago. The vacant lots were seized upon by enterprising builders, and soon smart brick

houses, detached or in rows, and cheaply built "flat" buildings elbowed the grimy cottages, causing them to take on an appearance of still greater dejection. Now and then one, overcome by humiliation, took to itself wheels and was dragged slowly away, to be dumped, no one took the trouble to inquire where. The particular locality where the Caseys lived was quite an Irish colony, fully two thirds of the dwellers there being of that nationality. The Caseys had been attracted to it for that reason. In this congenial neighborhood, both Michael and Bridget soon made themselves as popular as in the old home, though in a somewhat different way, their new neighbors, as a rule, being much more prosperous and thrifty than the old, and so meeting them more upon their own level.

Michael now came to take an active interest in ward politics. He was not only a ready speaker, with considerable native eloquence and wit, but, in practical matters, showed a shrewd business sense and grasp that gained him the respect of his fellows. It was not surprising, then, that he came, after a few years, to be the choice of his ward for alderman, and was now discharging the

duties of that office to the satisfaction of his constituents. It is not necessary to go into detail as to the effect upon Mr. Casey's character of a political career, or to state that he proved absolutely immune from all of the moral diseases that are liable to attack men under such responsibilities. It may safely be said, however, that such immunity as he did evince was largely due to the staunch support of his wife, her faith and pride in him (which did not prevent her from berating him roundly on occasion), and her unwavering standards of morality.

As for Mrs. Casey herself, the years had wrought little change in her, comparatively. She was still possessed of a wholesome comeliness, in spite of the fact that the youthful contour of face and figure had given place to a generous measure of matronly rotundity, and that her complexion had lost the delicacy of earlier years and was inclined to be rather more florid than was strictly becoming. Slow to change her habits, she still clung to the rich dialect of her youth, in spite of the fact that Michael had almost lost his, in contact with the outer world, and that Mary Ann strove vainly to teach her mother new modes of

speech. The old accents tripped easily to her tongue and would not be displaced, especially when she was in the full flow of narrative or exhortation. Proud as she was of her lord's advancement, she was inclined, personally, to take but little advantage of it, preferring simple ways of living to anything that savored of "shtoyle." Indeed, it was owing to Mary Ann, seconded by "Pa," that the Casey home and the wearing apparel of its inmates was kept passably up to date. There were now two more little people in the household, making six in all, Larry, Mary Ann, Patsy, Mickey and Johnny having been followed by Baby Nora, now two years old.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. FLANIGAN.

"How much for the new petaties, Mrs. Flynn?"

"Fifty cints a peck, Mrs. Casey, this marrnin'. They do be coomin' down a bit."

"Huh! Coomin' down is ut? Bedad, ye'll still nade a hookin' ladder t' rache thim! Sind me a peck iv ould wans. An' a coople o' boonches iv thim grane inyins. Shure, they do be moighty ta-asty this toime iv year."

"They arre that, Mrs. Casey," assented Mrs. Flynn. "There's nothin' betther fer what ails ye. Now, what ilse?"

"Howld an till Oi see—— O yis, a pound iv chaze, an' a bit iv salt porrk—— Aw! is ut yersilf, Mrs. Flanigan?"

"All that's lift iv me, Mrs. Casey darlint! Marrnin', Mrs. Flynn!" and Mrs. Flanigan dropped heavily on to the one seat the small grocery afforded, a backless wooden chair near the door, from which Mrs. Flynn

was wont to survey the outer world at odd moments when trade was dull.

"Phwoy! Phwat's ailin' ye?" demanded both at once, exchanging glances and head shakings over the top of Mrs. Flanigan's ancient black bonnet, and searching her face for possible bruises. The head of the house of Flanigan was known to possess an unrestrained thirst, and, on one or two occasions when the gratification of the same had been more than usually copious, to have gone on the warpath to the detriment of the features of his not too submissive spouse. There was no evidence of any such encounter having taken place, however, but instead, indications of an excitement not wholly painful.

"Didn't yez hear iv the burrglary?" asked Mrs. Flanigan.

"Burrglary! Millia murrther!"

"Phwin? Phwere?"

"At the O'Sheas', yistherda-ay, in broad dayloight!"

"Great da-ay!" exclaimed Mrs. Casey.

"Yis! They got in at the back, phwin the fam'ly was ahl gahn out, an' they tuck ivery t'ing they cud lay their two hands an!"

"Howly shmoke!" gasped Mrs. Flynn.

"They tuck twinty dallers in bills an'

Misther O'Shea's gowld watch an' Mrs. O'Shea's gowld watch an' Maggie's gowld watch an' Mrs. O'Shea's bist black silk driss an' Maggie's new blue silk driss an' Misther O'Shea's new overcoat, an' two dozen iv silver spoons, an'——"

"Aw gwan!" interrupted Mrs. Casey, derisively.

"Indade an' indade, 'tis God's troot' Oi'm tillin' yez, Mrs. Casey! An' they tuk a dozen an' a half iv silver farrks, an' two cut glass dishes, an' Maggie's new silk pitticoat, an' her two foine whoite pitticoats, an' her six walkin'-out pitticoats——"

"Did she have ahl thim?" asked the astonished Mrs. Flynn.

"Shure! 'Twas Maggie hersilf towld me so this marrnin'!"

"Yis, Mrs. Flynn, an' 'tis not the loikes iv Maggie O'Shea that wud be roonin' the rippyta-ashin iv the fam'ly fer anny little t'ing loike the troot'!" corroborated Mrs. Casey with a wink. "An' phwin ye coom to that," she went on, "if ye do be tillin' a loy ye may as well till a big wan."

"Bedad! 'Tis no loy at ahl at ahl!" protested Mrs. Flanigan with some warmth, "Shure Oi'm knowin' to ut mesilf!"

"To phwat?"

"To the burrglary! Oi was sittin' in me front windy yistherda-ay afthernoon, about t'ree o'clock it was, an' Oi sane an oogly thramp goin' boy, an' he was walkin' shlow loike an' lukin' up at the house, an' he shtared up at the windies, an' Oi siz to mesilf, 'Ye're a tough lukin' raskil! Oi'd not loike to be matin' ye iv a darrk noight,' Oi siz. An' phwin Maggie towld me iv the burrglary this marrnin' Oi was that wake Oi near dhrapped in me thracks, an' Oi'm not oaver it yit! To think iv me bein' that near to a bloody burrglar!"

Mrs. Flynn rolled her eyes in horror at the situation, but Mrs. Casey sniffed incredulously.

"'Tis not the burrglar Oi'm misdoubtin'," said she, "though Oi'd hate to convict the man on that ividince. 'Tis the t'ings he was afther takin'. The O'Sheas niver had a *tin* watch betwane thim, lit aloane t'ree gowld wans! Twinty dallers in bills wud niver shtay lahng enough in the house t' git shtolen, an' if they iver had anny silver 'twas soaked lahng ago. They do be havin' quoite a bit iv broken glass but no cut that iver Oi sane; an' as fer pitticoats! Huh! Maggie

Katie Murphy.

—*Page 32.*

Mrs. Alderman Casey.

O'Shea does be goin' to bid phwoile the wan does be washed, though she's not throublin' hersilf that way ahftin. Six walkin'-out pitticoats indade! Begorra! Oi know thim O'Sheas! Sorra a wan iv thim will do a lick iv wurrk so lahng as they can borry a cint! Oi've had d'alin's wid thim!"

"Thrue fer ye, Mrs. Casey!" testified Mrs. Flynn. "'Tis shmall paymint we iver got fr'm thim, though they do be thradin' here fer years."

"Phwoy do yez lave thim have anny-t'ing?"

"Aw, 'tis harrd to turrn thim down," replied easy-going Mrs. Flynn.

"Well, 'tis a shame, wid thim ahl in good healt' an' him wid a good thrade, if he'd wurrk at ut. Oi've no payshinse wid thim. Good day to yez! Oi must run hoame an' cha-ase the b'ys ahf to school. Shtop boy as ye're goin' an back, Mrs. Flanigan."

"Maybe Oi will fer a minnut, Mrs. Casey. Shure her barrk was iver wurrse th'n her boite," continued Mrs. Flanigan, after Mrs. Casey had gone. "Ye wudn't t'ink, t' hear her goin' an, that she'd nurrsed Mrs. O'Shea t'roo two fits iv sickniss, an' paid the rint fer thim toime an' agin phwin they wud have

been trun into the shtrate ilse. Casey's given O'Shea wurrk too, manny's the toime, but he do be too lazy to kape a job."

"Aw yis! 'Tis the grand neighbor Mrs. Casey alwa-ays was! Ivery wan knows the big hairrt iv her. Shmall blame to her fer shpakin' her moind about thim O'Sheas, the loyin' vagabones! How's ahl yer fam'ly, Mrs. Flanigan? Is yer son Dinny wid yez now?"

"He is an' he isn't, Mrs. Flynn. Oi'm shlapin' him but Oi'm not malin' him. He does be gettin' too pertikler, wantin' hot pla-ates an' the loike. How's eggs the da-ay?"

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE FRONT STOOP.

HER marketing done, Mrs. Flanigan started homeward. As she approached Mrs. Casey's home she saw that lady standing in the doorway, conversing with a good looking young giant in policeman's uniform.

"There's Tom Donovan!" she said to herself, quickening her steps. "Oi wondher phwin him an' Mary Ann will be gittin' married."

The young policeman gave her a pleasant greeting as she came up, and was answering her eager inquiries in regard to his mother and sisters when Mary Ann appeared, music roll in hand, ready for her morning lessons. Tom's face lighted with pride as his eyes swept the trim figure in the neat street dress, and rested on the delicately colored face with its Irish blue eyes, and frame of wavy dark hair under the jaunty toque.

"Will you tie my veil, Mother, please?"

While Mrs. Casey performed this office somewhat awkwardly, Mary Ann chatted gayly with Mrs. Flanigan, and then she and Tom walked down the street together, followed by the admiring gaze of the two elders.

"She'll be lavin' ye soon," sighed Mrs. Flanigan.

"Wirra! Yis! 'Tis betwane the j'y an' the sorra Oi am! Sit ye down an the shteps, Mrs. Flanigan. 'Tis too foine to be goin' insoide."

Mrs. Flanigan, a shriveled wisp of a woman, in rusty black, bestowed herself and her bundles beside the comfortable form of her hostess, on the top step. The May sunshine, with a hint of June in it, enveloped them, and they basked in it gratefully, knowing that the wind was quite likely to have more than a hint of March in it at any moment. Baby Nora toddled about on the sidewalk near them, chasing an elusive kitten.

"Yis, Oi'll be missin' Mary Ann," said Mrs. Casey, a little wistfully, "but 'tis niver the da-ay Oi doant t'ank God fer the good man she's got. Luk at thim! 'Tis yersilf knows there's no hansimmer couple iver laid

shoe to the soidewalk, though 'tis not mesilf that shud be shpakin' iv Mary Ann's good luks."

"Shure ye moight say a plinty an' till no loy, Mrs. Casey. An' the good luks is the shmallest iv the manny complimints ye moight pay thim!" asserted Mrs Flanigan, with elaborate courtesy.

"Roight ye arre! Roight ye arre, Mrs. Flanigan! Oi've known Tom Donovan since he was knee-hoigh to a wurrm, an a claner, truer man nor a tinderer son doant be livin'! 'Tis a pity he had to lave school so airly—his father doyin' so."

"Yis, he doant be havin' the larrnin' that Mary Ann has," said Mrs. Flanigan.

"No! wurrse luck. It modifies her a bit now an' thin, phwin the Gilhooley gairrls cooms here. They do be so—so—inty—inty—lickchool." Mrs. Casey discharged this formidable mouthful with evident effort, but was rewarded by the look of stupefied awe on the face of her auditor.

"The Gilhooleys has invoited Mary Ann to go wid thim to the sayshore nixt mont'," said Mrs. Casey.

"Indade! Is that so?" exclaimed Mrs. Flanigan. "'Twill be foine fer her!"

"'Twill so-o. 'Twas a great t'ing fer the Gilhooleys to coom into ahl that money fr'm Mrs. Gilhooley's uncle. Mrs. Gilhooley bees a rale la-ady. Her payple ahl have money an' they knows how to use ut. They ta-ake to iddica-ashin loike ducks to wather an' the furrst t'ing she did phwin she got the money was to sind the gairrls ahf to a grand school in the Aist. 'Twill be a year nixt mont' since they ca-ame back. They was alwa-ays fond iv Mary Ann an' soomtimes Oi've been fearin' 'twud turrn her hid, the good toimes she has wid thim, but she's a good gairrl, is Mary Ann."

"Ye may well sa-ay that sa-ame, Mrs. Casey. Do ye know the man coomin' up the sthrate?"

Mrs. Casey glanced in the direction indicated.

"Oi doan't know his na-ame, but Oi see him go boy ahftin."

As the man approached the two women, he took off his hat with a sweeping gesture and said,

"Peace be to this house!"

"T'ank ye koindly, sorr," replied Mrs. Casey, nodding good-naturedly. The man passed on.

Mrs. Flanigan looked at her friend in astonishment.

"Phwoy did ye t'ank him fer sayin' that?" she demanded.

"An' phwoy shudn't Oi t'ank him fer lavin' me a blissin'?"

"A blissin' is ut? Is it that he mint?"

"Shure! Phwat ilse? He do be wan iv thim Dowie craythers. There's soom iv thim around ivery now an' thin. They do be harrmliss haythins."

"A blissin'! Well, that bates me! Oi wish Oi d knowed that befoor. He do be the man that came t'me dure a phwoile ago an' he siz, 'Lave us have p'ace in this house!' 'Go alahng wid ye!' Oi siz, 'an' doan't coom rubberin' around phwat's noane iv yer bisnuss! Oi siz. 'This cooms iv the neighbors talkin'' Oi siz. 'If they'd kape their mout's shut no wan wud be knowin' to ut,' Oi siz. Then jist the other noight phwin it was so foine and warrum, Himself an' me was sittin' an the front shtoop a-coolin' oursilves, phwin another wan passed by an' he siz, 'P'ace be in this house!' Oi was fer takin' the broomshtick to him, but Flanigan says as cool as ye plaze:

"'''Tis nixt dure ye mane. They do be a

tough lot in there. Oi've cahled the polace an thim a coople iv toimes!'

"An' 'twas a blissin' he mint ahl the toime! Well! Well!" and Mrs. Flanigan's funny little cackle accompanied Mrs. Casey's more resonant laughter.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. CASEY'S HIRED GIRLS.

MRS. CASEY kept no servant, though the burden of her household and family cares was no light one.

"No," she said to Mrs. Gilhooley one day, "Oi'll be boss in me own kitchun as lahng as Oi have me healt'. O'm not loike yersilf, Mrs. Gilhooley, used to foine ways an' nadin' t' be waited an, an' we git an virry well. Mary Ann hilps me a good bit, phwin she has toime. Her t'aching kapes her busy now, t'anks to you, Mrs. Gilhooley, fer givin' her the start."

"I hear great praise of her work," said Mrs. Gilhooley. "You have reason to be proud of Mary Ann, Mrs. Casey."

"Oi am that sa-ame, Mrs. Gilhooley. Shure nayther Moike nor mesilf bees fools, but if ye'd put the two hids iv us togither 'twud not ma-ake wan iv Mary Ann's, an' as fer the music, 'twas alwa-ays the wondher to me phwere she got it. Oi was good enough

at a jig or an ould song phwin Oi was a gairrl, but no moare than common, an' Himself has no moare music in him than a goat. Shpakin' iv sairvants, Oi had me fill iv thim a year ago, phwin Mary Ann an' her paw tazed me into throyin' wan. Oi wint oaver t'wan iv thim ahfices——"

"Intelligence offices?"

"Yis, that's the na-ame, though Oi t'ink Ignorince ahfice wud be a betther wan. There was a crass, snappy lukin' wumman sittin' at the disk phwin Oi wint in. Oi was jist goin' t' till her phwat Oi came fer, phwin she siz, as sharrt as poycrust:

"'Phwat na-ame?' siz she.

"'Bridget Casey,' siz Oi.

"'Phwat wa-ages?' siz she.

"'Not moare th'n t'ree dallers,' Oi siz.

"'She luked surproized, but said nothin', an' wroat ut down in a big book.

"'Cook?' siz she.

"'Yis mum,' siz Oi, 'an' washin' an' oirnin' or anny other koind iv house wurrk.'

"'Riff'rences?' siz she.

"'Plinty,' siz Oi, an' Oi ga-ave her a raft iv thim.

"'Phwoy did ye lave yer last pla-ace?' siz she.

"'*Pla-ace* is ut!' Oi shrayked. 'Phwat d'ye ta-ake me fer? Oi'm no sairvint gairrl! Oi'm Mrs. Casey, Mrs. Aldherman Casey, an' it's lukin' fer a *cook* Oi am, not a *pla-ace!* Bad scran t'ye fer a shtupid owl!' Oi siz, an' Oi lift widout waitin' t' hear the apollygies she follied me t' the dure wid, Oi was that so-are.'"

Mrs. Casey had evidently recovered from the wound to her self-esteem, for she laughed heartily at the memory of this incident.

"And did you try again?" asked Mrs. Gilhooley.

"Aw yis. Oi hoired a Swade gairrl but she trun up the job phwin she found how manny childhern Oi had. 'Oi suppose Oi moight dhrowned a few iv thim if 'twud accommydate ye anny,' Oi siz. Thin they sint me a Gairmin gairrl jist oaver, an' sorra the wurrd of English cud she spake but 'foive dollars.' ('Twas that she'd be doin' me the anner t' ixcipt fer wa-ages, if ye plaze.) 'Huh!' Oi siz. 'If ye'd be as quick at larrnin' me cookin' as ye arre at chargin' fer ut, 'tis the jool ye'd be.' The nixt wan had ahl the gab the other wan hadn't, fer she axed me a shtring iv ques-

chins a moile lahng befoor Oi cud shpake. 'Arre youse hoirin' me or me hoirin' youse?' siz Oi, as soon as Oi cud git me brith.

"Nayther iv thim was to me ta-aste, not t'minshin the coal black coon be the na-ame iv Lilly Whoite, so at last Oi tuk (moare out iv pity th'n annyt'ing ilse) an ould parrthy, —an' bliss yer soul, Mrs. Gilhooley, she was the quarest boonch iv fay-tures that iver wint down the poike. She was ivery minnut iv sivinty, but she wouldn't own to ut. The wisp iv hair she had lift to her was doyed as black as a crow, an' she wore a row iv black false currls in front. Her store teeth didn't fit an' were alwa-ays dhroppin' out an her, an' wan iv her oyes was glass, an' did be givin' ye the quarest falin' phwin she'd be lukin' at ye wid ut. It did be alwa-ays crookut, an' ye niver knew phwat minnut 'twud be coomin' down fr'm sayin' prayers t' Hivin to be seein' shpooks behoind the back iv ye.

"Afther the fam'ly had a good luk at her, 'twas Mary Ann sid t'me, 'Maw', siz she 'ax her if she do be walkin' in her shlape. If Oi was t' mate phwat's lift iv her be the toime she do be in bid, t'wud shcare me into convoolshins,' siz she.

"Well, Oi waited an her moare th'n she did an me. She was that fayble Oi filt ashamed t'ax her to do annyt'ing, though she was willin' enough. Wan da-ay Himself axed me had oi oapined a Hoame fer Indignint faymales. That ga-ave me an oidee. Oi found she had a bit iv money put away, an' Oi shpoke to Father Daly about her an' he got her into the Ould Woman's Hoame, n' she do be virry aisy there."

Mrs. Casey forgot to mention that the amount of the poor woman's savings having been insufficient to pay the entrance fee of the institution, she and Michael had made up the deficiency.

"And so that ended your struggles with the domestic problem," said Mrs. Gilhooley.

"Sorra a bit! There was wurrse coomin' to me. Mary Ann wudn't be aisy till Oi throyed wanst moare, so Oi wint to a new pla-ace an' hoired a big sthrong lukin' wumman wid a good charackther fr'm her last pla-ace. 'Twas Lizzie her na-ame was. Oi niver knew phwat coonthry she ca-ame fr'm, but Oi have me sispishins she was English.

"Well, 'tis God's troot Oi'm tellin' ye, Mrs. Gilhooley, befoor she was wid us wan da-ay she had ivery sowl iv us shcared

shtiff wid her hoigh-an'-moightiniss. She wudn't lave the b'ys in the kitchun beca'se they thracked up the flure, an' she shcowled at the ba-aby till she near had a spazzim fr'm froight. She shlammed the kitchun dure phwin Mary Ann was playin' the pianny, an' towld her she hated pianny playin', it made her so nairvis. Phwin Moike kim hoame an' lit his poipe, she wint round an' trun up ahl the windies, an' thin ivery few minnuts we cud hear her gruntin' an' sayin' 'pew!' to hersilf. The dog lit out fer the woodshid, and the cat hid undher me bid upshtairs, an' phwin he did be goin' out t' ta-ake the airr t'was be the front dure he wint. Oi had to take his males upshtairs to 'im, fer he'd not be coaxed near the kitchun whoilst she was in ut. As fer mesilf, the la-ady at the ahfice had warrned me to lave her wurrk be hersilf, as she was a throyfil sat in her wa-ays. So Oi'd lave her do ahl the cookin', an' she knew how ahl roight. We had plinty t' ate an' 'twas good, an' Oi kipt out of her wa-ay as well as Oi cud, though t'was breakin' me hairrt it was t'have to be so hoomble loike in me oahn house. Ivery now an' thin Oi'd foind her laid out an the lounge in the doinin' room wid her

arrums hangin' sthraight down an' her mout' dhropped oapin. The furrst toime, Oi was shcared. Oi t'ought she was sick.

"'Phwat's the matther wid ye?' Oi siz.

"'Nothin', siz she. 'It's jist raylaxun Oi am, be me docther's arrdhers,' siz she. 'Oi have t' raylax phwiniver Oi fale nairvis,' siz she.

"'Phwat does she mane at ahl?' Oi siz to Mary Ann.

"'Oh, 'tis jist ma-akin' a dishrag iv yersilf, as if ye had niver the boane t'ye, fr'm yer hid t' yer hales,' siz she.

"Well, Oi found the raylaxun fits alwa-ays did be coomin' an phwin Oi towld her to do annyt'ing. Jist so lahng as ye'd kape awa-ay fr'm her an' lave her have her own wa-ay about iveryt'ing, she done foine, but the minnut ye'd minshin—niver moind how perloite ye'd be doin'ut—that ye'd loike t'ings so an' so, she'd begin t'shlam the dures an' growl to hersilf, an' the nixt t'ing ye'd know she'd be raylaxun fer ahl she was wort'.

"'Twas mesilf done the marrkit'n' an' Oi was afther tillin' her aich da-ay phwat we'd have fer dinner. Soomtoimes she'd cook phwat Oi'd tell her, an' soomtoimes she wudn't. That ma-ade me woild, an' a dozen

toimes Oi was an me wa-ay t' the kitchun t'rade the royit act to her, phwin Mary Ann wud head me ahf an' sa-ay, 'Aw, put up wid a little lahnger, Maw. Maybe she didn't oondhershtand. She'll be larrnin' yer wa-ays afther a bit. Be aisy wid her.' So Oi'd shwally me ra-age an' wait.

"Wan marrnin' Moike siz, 'D'ye t'ink Quane Elizzybut' wud be afther permittin' us t' have a b'iled dinner? Shure 'tis divil the shmell iv an inyin or a cabbage we've had since she cahndescindid t' reign oaver us.'

"'We'll have wan this da-ay,' Oi siz, 'or soom wan will doy in the attimpt!' siz Oi. So Oi wint t' the marrkit an' sint hoame the ingriddiments. Thin Oi wint t' the kitchun an' Oi siz, quoite moild, but furrum:

"'We'll have a b'iled dinner the da-ay,' Oi siz. 'Misther Casey an' the b'ys is that fond iv it, they'd be aytin' ut noine da-ays out iv the sivin, an' Oi'm not dishpoisin' ut mesilf,' Oi siz. 'There's nothin' moare tasty than a bit iv b'iled porrk wid plinty iv cabbidge an' inyins an' praties,' Oi siz.

"She shtud shtock shtill an' luked at me loike she'd boare a ho-ale in me, but sorra a wurrd did she sa-ay.

"Thin Oi tuk the ba-aby an' wint t' shtay

wid the Hinnissy kids. Ye see Mrs. Hinnissy gits a job iv clanin' ivery Winsda-ay, an' she nades the money ba-ad. But she cudn't lave the twins, widout kapin' Ellen fr'm school, so Oi've been carin' fer thim here, but that da-ay Oi didn't dare bring thim, fer though they bees good little chaps, they're that n'isy Oi knew Quane Elizzybut' wud want thim behidded at wanst. So Oi wint there. 'Twas a harrd marrnin', fer wan iv the twins had been sick the da-ay befoor, an' poor Mag had got behoind wid the wurrk, carin' fer him. So the sink was poiled wid dirrthy dishes, sorra a bid was ma-ade in the pla-ace, an' sich a dirrthy flure, t' say nothin iv the baskit iv cloathes waitin' t' be oirned.

" 'Bedad, Mrs. Casey, here's phwere ye git busy ! ' says Oi to mesilf, an' Oi done ut ; at laste as well as Oi cud, wid t'ree choildlher undher me fate. There was a toidy kitchun an' a good foire, an' a bowl iv brid an' millik, an' a dish iv hot praties waitin' fer Ellen phwin she ca-ame hoame fr'm school. She oanly goes marrnin's, so Oi cud be shpared thin. Well, ahl the phwoile me mout' had been watherin' fer the taste iv the illigint male that was awaitin' me. Oi

ca-ame round to the back dure, an' phwin Oi oapined ut Oi tuk a good schniff, expic-tin' t' git a foine whiff iv me fa-av'rit vigi-tubbles, but the airr was as impty as a last year's burrd's nist. The porrk and praties was cookin', but the cabbidge an' inyins was nowhere in soight. Naythor was Quane Elizzybut'. Oi oapined the doinin' room dure, an' there she was an' the lounge, ray-laxun' t' bate the band.

"'Phwere be the cabbidge an' inyins Oi sint home?' Oi siz, howldin' an t'mesilf fer fear Oi'd lay violint hands an her.

"She got up shlow loike, an' walked out to the kitchun befoor she did be shpakin'. Thin she luked at me loike Oi was the dirrt under her fate, an' she siz wid her noase in the airr:

"'They're in the garbidge barr'l, mum!' siz she. 'Tis the oanly pla-ace they bees fitten fer," sez she. 'Oi'll not have me kitchun shmellin' iv thim voile t'ings! They do be oanly fitten fer pigs t' ate. Yez can't have thim phwoile Oi cook fer yez. Oi'll not bemane mesilf be cookin' thim. An' ye kin kape out iv me kitchun!' she siz. 'Oi know me bisnuss an' Oi doant nade anny arrdhers!"

"Mercy! What insolence!" exclaimed Mrs. Gilhooley.

"Did you iver hear the aquil av ut? If Oi had'nt been steriloized wid ra-age, ye may be shure Oi wudn't have shtud quoit till she'd sid ahl that, but Oi found me v'ice at last an' ye'd betther belave she got no more chanst t' talk back.

"'Ye ould boonch iv impidence!" Oi siz. 'How da-are ye trun away me good victuals!' Oi sez. 'An' thin to shtand there an' insoolt me in my fa-ace! *Me!* Aldherman Casey's woife! *Your* kitchun is ut! Oi'll show ye whose kitchun ut is! It's a sairvint Oi'm wantin', not a boss!' Oi sez. 'Oi've pit up wid yer shlammin' an' growlin' an' yer noshins till Oi'm no betther th'n a wurrum, but this bees the limmit! An' the wurrum bees turrned oaver! Oi'll give ye jist tin minnuts t' pack yer duds an' ma-ake ahf wid yersilf, or Oi'll cahl the hurry waggin for ye! Dust out iv this!' Oi siz, an' she shcuttled upshtairs wid the broom at her hales.

"Oi'm doin' me own wurrk since, wid Mag Hinnessy t' help me a da-ay phwiniver I nade her. The t'oughts iv another sairvint gairrl makes me quoite naushis!"

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. CASEY ON LAWN TENNIS.

"THE top o' the marrnin' t' ye, Mrs. Flanigan! It's glad Oi am t' see ye the day! Shure Oi haven't sit oyes an ye fer a mont'. Sit ye down, Mrs. Flanigan; shure ye must be toired. Millia murrther! ye're sittin' an the cat! Bad scran to the craythe r! It do be always undher me fut. Go an now! S-s-s!"

"Bedad!" quoth Mrs. Flanigan, who had risen more suddenly than gracefully, "'tis a good job fer the baste Oi'm not as hivvy as yersilf!"

"An' how have ye been, Mrs. Flanigan? An' how's the ould man an' the b'ys? Oh, yis; we ahl do be foine here, barrin' Jahnny. He has the whoopin' cahf, an' it's virry bad he is. Oh, yis, Mary Ann's well. She had a foine toime at the sayshore wid the Gilhooleys. She did be goin' in grand sassoyty an' she wint roidin' in wan iv thim yats they has down there. Arrah! but Oi nade to

kape an oye till her ahl the sa-ame, fer ahl their grand wa-ays, fer 'tis corruptin' her morals they'd be; no liss! An' she do be always brought up daycint an illigint—Jahnny! be quoit! Go an out an' play wid the goat a phwoile; there's a good b'y!—Ye see this is how it was. 'Twas ahl alahng iv a ga-ame they cahl lahng Dinnis. Mary Ann ca-ame hoame wan day last summer, an' she siz t' me, siz she,

"'Maw, the Gilhooleys is gittin' up a lahng Dinnis cloob, an' Oi'm to belahng to ut,' siz she.

"'A lahng Dinnis cloob!' Oi siz. An' phwat's that? Is it soom new koind iv a shillaly?' Oi siz. 'Faix, an' ye doan't belahng to no lahng Dinnis, nor sharrt Dinnis ayther, bedad, but to hanest Tom Donovan, an' it's makin' yer widdin' cloas Oi am this minnut,' Oi siz.

"'Oh, maw!' she siz. 'It's only a ga-ame!' she siz. 'An' they plays it an the la-ahn, wid a nit an' bahls, an' Oi'll have to hov a Dinnis soot,' she siz.

"'An' phwat'll that be?' Oi siz.

"'Whoy, it's a driss to wear phwin Oi plays the ga-ame!' she siz. 'An' Oi want wan as foine as Annie Gilhooley's.'

"'An' phwat's the matther wid the driss ye had made fer the Sons iv Erin bahl?' Oi siz. 'The satin wan, wid the lahng tail to ut, an' the disquality nick, an' the illigint lace an' rid arrtifishuls? Shure, Oi'm t'inkin' Annie Gilhooley 'll not have annyt'ing foiner thin that now.'

"'Now, maw!' siz Mary Ann, 'that's not sootable at ahl at ahl,' she siz. 'Oi want a linnun shurrt waist soot, wid a sharrt skurt, an' wan iv thim caps they do be wearin' an the yats, an' Oi want foive dallers to boy a rackut.'

"'Rackut is ut!' Oi siz, 'Foive dallers! Shure, Oi t'ink wid four b'ys an' a baby an' a pianny, an' a dog an' a cat an' that scramin' parrot—the ould b'y floy away wid him!—lit alone yer paw phwin he kims hoame from the warrd maytin's—'tis rackut enough we has, an' fer nothin'. It's no foive dallers ye'll shpind fer more rackut, begorra!—Jahnny Casey, if ye doan't lave ahf tazin' the baby, Oi'll take me shlipper t' ye! D'ye moind that now? Hush croyin' now, darlint! Here thin! here's yer sisther's foatygraft album—luk at that now! Alanna, but it's a foine choild she is, Mrs. Flanigan, phwin ye lave her have her oahn way.

"Well, as Oi was tillin' ye, if Oi'd put me fut down thin, Oi'd have saved mesilf throuble an' money; but phwin the ould man kim hoame 'twas aisy wurrk fer Mary Ann to taze him around, an' so it wasn't lahng befoor she was roonin' to play lahng Dinnis ivery day in the wake, an' sorra a bit iv wurrk could Oi git out iv her.

"She played a good bit this summer too, ispishilly phwoile she was away, an' the other day she cooms hoame an' she siz, 'Maw, there's to be a tinimint at the cloob, an' Oi'm to play wid a match,' she siz.

"'Not a bit iv ut!' Oi siz. 'Oi niver allowed anny choild iv moine to pla-ay wid matches at ahl, at ahl!' Oi siz. 'Phwat d'ye maine?' Oi siz, 'Doan't ye know ye moight sit the tinimint an foire?' Oi siz. 'Perhaps we moight rint it!' Oi siz, 'fer if ye're goin' to shpind ahl yer toime pla-ayin' lahng Dinnis, we'd betther live close boy, an' sa-ave toime comin' an' goin'! (Oi siz this virry sircasty, Mrs. Flanigan, fer it's mad Oi was.)

"So thin she ixplained that the tinimint was'nt a tinimint at ahl, but a koind iv a show-ahf ga-ame iv lahng Dinnis, an' she invoited me to go alahng wid her, that Oi moight see phwat a purrty ga-ame it was.

"'An' pit an the bist ye has,' she siz, 'fer it's a stoylish crowd that'll be there!'

"So Oi pit an me new rafferty silk driss an' me doimin pin that Oi won in the raffle at the churrch fair, an' Mary Ann done me hair wid a punkydore, an' Oi tuk me phwoite parasol, an' Oi wint.

"'Twas a foine da-ay, an' there was a lot iv noice lookin' payple a sittin' around a big square place marked ahf an the grass wid chalk, wid a gra-ate lahng fish nit shtuck up idge ways acrass the middle iv ut.

"The gairrls ahl looked moighty purrty an' there was a lot iv judes in phwoite clothes shkippin' around an' gittin' undher fut, an' there was plinty iv gigglin' an' chattherin' ye may be shure.

"Jahnny! *Ja-ahnny!* If ye doan't quit lavin' the scrane dure oapin Oi'll dhrown ye in a toob o' wather! Moy! but the floys bees that ahful now! Ye can't coom t'roo the dure but a dozen iv thim iscapes in!"

"Yis, they do be somethin' fierce!" replied Mrs. Flanigan. "But gwan about the tinimint!"

"Mary Ann pit a chair fer me in the front row an' wint an' fitched up a foine shtrappin' young felly in phwoite pants, an' interjuiced

me t'm. Oi fergit his na-ame, but he was wan iv the bosses, Oi t'ink. He was moighty perloite an' shmoilin'.

"'Glad t' mate ye, Mrs Casey,' he siz. 'Oi hoape ye'll inj'y the tinimint,' he siz. 'Yer da-arrter pits up a foine ga-ame, an' it's proud iv her ye'll be,' he siz.

"'Faix an' it's prouder iv her Oi'd be,' Oi siz, 'if she'd shtay hoame wanst in a phwoile an' pit up a few cans iv timatties or the loike o' that,' Oi siz.

"'Oh, but lahng Dinnis is so healt'y,' he siz.

"'An' phwat if he is?' Oi siz. 'Oi haven't the anner iv the gintleman's acquaintance,' siz Oi; 'an' Oi'm not at ahl throubled about his healt',' Oi siz.

"Wid that he turrned so rid in the face, an' began boitin' his mistache so harrd, that Oi was shcared for fear he moight be lahng Dinnis himself, or wan iv the fam'ly, an' Oi moight have hurrted his faylin's, so Oi siz,

"'It's no offince Oi mane at ahl at ahl, in ca-ase yer own na-ame moight be Dinnis,' Oi siz.

"'Oh, don't mintion it, mum,' he siz, 'an' he laughed so hairrty that Oi knew he filt betther.

"Thin he bowed an' wint ahf, an' thin Oi luked around, an' there was Mary Ann a prancin' around wid a bat made out iv sthring, about as big as me little coal chuvvle, an' a knockin' ba-ase bahls across the fish nit, an' Annie Gilhooley oaver an the other soide knockin' thim back at her.

"There was a little jude sittin' up on a hoigh shtool at wan ind iv the nit, wroitin' an a piece iv pa-aper an' yellin' out somethin' to 'm ivery now an' thin.

"First wan iv thim would hit a bahl a lick, an' the felly would yell:

"'Wan!'

"Thin she would sind another wan floyin' an' he'd cahl out,

"Throuble!'

"Thin she would chase hersilf over to the other carrner of the square t' git a betther crack at ut. Thin the other gairrl would ploog it back at her, an' thin they'd ahl wait a phwoile till some iv the judes would foind some more bahls.

"Thin they would go at ut some more, roonin' an' jumpin' an' tearin' around till they both looked that rid in the face an' toired that Oi siz to a foine stoylish lukin' lady that sat nixt to me:

"'If Mary Ann was to wurrk as harrd as that a doin' a washin', it's kilt she'd be intoirely.'

"Ahl the toime the jude an the shtool was yellin' an' shcramin.' Oi couldn't hear much he sid, but 'twas numbers mostly, Oi t'ink. Iv coorse Oi wouldn't have moinded that, but after a phwoile Mary Ann did somethin' wrang, Oi suppose, fer he shcramed out at her quite voilint loike.

"'The dooce!' he siz.

"That made me rale mad, phwin the poor gairrl was throyin' so harrd, an' Oi siz:

"'None o' that, me foine b'y! Ye'll not be vintin' anny iv yer profanity an Aldherman Casey's da-arther,' Oi siz.

"Ahl the payple around me laughed, fer they was glad to see the sassy jude tuk down a bit. But he niver paid a bit iv attintion at ahl at ahl.

"An' that wasn't the wurrst he sid. 'T was only a sharrt toime afther that phwin Mary Ann siz to him, virry rispictful:

"'Phwat's the shcore, Misther Jo-ans?'

"He luked at her wid a grin an him loike a young alligaither, an' he siz:

"'Thirrty, love!' jist loike that.

"Well, 'twas woild Oi was that minnut.

Oi wint oaver an' shuk me fisht at him an' Oi siz:

"'Phwat do ye mane, ye impidint raskil' Oi siz, 'to be talkin' loike that to me Mary Ann,' Oi siz, 'an' she ingaged to Tom Donovan an' him an the polace foorce!' Oi siz. 'An' it's lucky fer ye it's an his bate he is this minnut an' not here, or it's roon in ye'd be, phwere ye belahng!'

"'Coom alahng hoame, Mary Ann, this minnut,' Oi siz, 'an' if lahng Dinnis or—or sharrt Dinnis iver insoolts ye ag'in, Aldherman Casey'll give him a rackut that'll shprout basebahls ahl over his hid, bad luck to 'im!"

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. CASEY AT A SUMMER HOTEL.

HOOROO! Is it r'aly yersilf, Mrs. Casey? Phwin did ye coom back? 'Tis an illigint thrip ye bees afther havin'! Ye do be lukin' foine!"

"Faix an' Oi'm falin' that sa-ame, Mrs. Flanigan! Oi'm that fat Oi'm near bustin' me waists. Mary Ann siz Oi do be gittin' *too* fat an'Oi'll have to begin doyutin.'"

"Phwat's that?" asked Mrs. Flanigan in awestruck tones.

"'Tis goin' widout aytin', an' ye begin wid praties, she siz."

"Aw shure, ye cudn't be doin' that, Mrs. Casey!"

"Well, not so 'twud be hurrtin' ye, Mrs. Flanigan," laughed Mrs. Casey. "Oi t'ink a little washin' an' oirnin' an' cookin'll soon take ahf a plinty, widout the doyutin,' an' Oi'm not sorry to git hoame and be doin' somethin' wid me hands ag'in. 'Twas good to rist fer a phwoile, but Oi'm not used to

sittin' an a piazzy an' rockin' fer a mont' at a toime, an' it wint harrd wid me afther the furrst wake iv ut."

"'Tis a foine color ye do be havin'!"

"Oh yis! Oi'm that sunburrnt, Oi was fearin' Oi'd be tuk fer a naygur. Mary Ann wudn't lave me take me parasol phwin Oi wint out walkin.' She sid 'twas stoylish to be tanned an' if Oi wint hoame widout bein' the color iv a muggany bureau, no wan wud know Oi was afther goin' out iv town at ahl at ahl."

"Well, Oi'm glad ye wint but 'tis good to see ye back. 'Twas quoite suddint loike, yer goin', wasn't it?"

"It was indade. Oi had no oidee iv ut. Ye see afther Oi tuk sick alahng the furrst iv August, Oi cudn't same t' git shtrang agin an' Mary Ann sid Oi naded a rist an' Oi'd niver git ut wid shtayin' hoame, aivin if some wan ilse done the wurrk, an' that's roight too, fer 'twud give me a fit if some wan ilse was doin' ut, if they didn't do ut moy way, an' Oi'd be mixin' in an' doin' ut mesilf. So she talked to her Paw wan noight, an' the nixt marrnin' she siz to me, siz she, 'Paw an' me's got it all fixed up, an' all ye have to do is to lave ut to me an' ye'll have the toime iv yer loife,' she siz.

"'Phwat d'ye mane?' Oi siz.

"'Oi mane that Paw's sint fer A'nt Molly to shtay wid the kids an' youse be goin' away wid me to a pla-ace phwere ye can rist!' she siz.

"Oi sid Oi cudn't be doin' it at ahl, but 'twas no use. Molly ca-ame the nixt da-ay. She does be foine wid choilder ye know, and she fair dhruv me out. She said if Oi wasn't out iv the house in two da-ays she'd take the broom t' me. She an' Mary Ann wint down town and bought me some new cloas—a shurrt waist soot an' a new hat an' the loike o' that—and they packed me thrunk an' befoor Oi knew ut Oi was an me way to the thrain, wid ahl the b'ys alahng t'see me ahf. Oi niver cud have done ut but fer Mary Ann. It's a foine thraveler she is. The nixt t'ing Oi knowed we was an the thrain, and the conducther was yellin' 'all aboord!'

"'Aw wirra!' Oi siz. 'Howld an a bit till Oi say good-by wanst moare to me b'ys,' Oi siz. An' Oi put me hid out iv the windy to phwere they was shtandin' in a row, Patsy, Mickey an' Jahnny—Larry cudn't git ahf from his wurrk—and Oi siz, 'Good-by, b'ys!' Oi siz, 'Beha-ave yersilves an' moind yer a'nt, an' doan't be foightin' wid thim Fogarty

kids,' Oi siz, 'an doant taze the ba-aby and be aisy wid the goat—raymember the buttin' ye got last wake—an' till yer a'nt to pit the cat out noights, an 't'ma-ake yer Paw's cahfee good an sthrang, an' doant lave the cop git afther yez—' be this toime we was moast a block away an' Oi had to scrayche to ma-ake thim hear me, the cyarrs made sich a n'ise, an' Mary Ann pullin' me away from the windy all the toime, for fear Oi'd git me hid smashed.

"It tuk about t'ree hours t' git there, but 'twas a foine roide. 'Tis the furrst toime Oi've sane a bit iv rale coonthry since we coom here, twinty-sivin years back, an' 'twas a grand soight. It fair sint the tears t' me oyes.

"Phwat loike was the la-ake, d'ye say? Sure 'twas the purtiest bit iv wather this soide iv Killarney! Oi'd give a pig to have ye there wid me, Mrs. Flanigan! The hotil was a foine big buildin' wid piazzies all round an' a band playin', and crowds iv payple about, moastly women—but wait till Oi till ye about the room they gave us. Moike had tillygrafted fer the bist they had and phwat d'ye t'ink it was? A bit iv a box under the roof wid a shmall windy lukin'

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out oaver the back ya-ard an' a bid that luked loike a peat bog. 'T was full iv floys the pla-ace was, from a big hoale in the skeety nett'n at the windy, an' the sun was coomin' in hot, but sorra a bit iv wind. There was wan shtiff chair an' a koind iv a wash shtand an' bureau mixed up togither (there wasn't room fer but wan) and there was no cyarpit an the flure. Mary Ann was woild, and she cha-ased hersilf down t' the ahfice an' siz to the young felly that shtud behoind the counther,

"'Phwat d'ye mane by givin' us sich a hoale as that?' she siz.

"''Tis the bist we has,' says the felly, as smooth as butther.

"'We'll go to another hotel thin,' she siz.

"'There isn't anny,' he siz, wid a grin.

"'Virry well! we'll go back to the city,' she siz.

"'There's no thrain till to-morry,' he siz.

"''Tis an outra-rage!' she siz.

"'Oi'm virry sorry, Miss,' he siz, as moild as millik, but furrum.

"Wid that Mary Ann saw 'twas no use t'reatnun', so she throyed coaxin' an' ye know she can coax the hairrt out iv ye phwin she sits her moind an ut.

"'Oi'm shure, if ye throid, ye cud do better fer us,' she siz. 'Anny wan wid the awthawrutty that *youse* has,' she siz, 'must be able to bring soom in*floo*ence to bear upon the perprythers, in the ca-ase iv a sick la-ady,' she siz. 'Me mamaw's quoite ill, an' me papaw—Alderman Casey—'ll appray-shate anny koindniss ye'll be afther doin' her,' she siz and she shmoiled at him wid the moast imploarin' luks out iv the saft eyes iv her. 'Twud milt the Blarney shtoan itsilf, lit aloan the hairrt iv a man.

"'Oi'll shpake wid Misther Ba-aker and do the bist Oi can fer ye!' he siz. He wint into a little room back iv the ahfice, and in a minit he kim out agin wid a wink, as mooch as to say, 'Oi'm the b'y t' fix it fer ye!' an' he siz:

"''Twill be all roight, Miss Casey,' he siz, 'on'y Oi'll have t' ax ye t' be payshint till to-morry,' he siz. 'There's some payple goin' away in the marrnin', an' there'll be a foine room vakint an the sickind flure,' he siz. Wud yez moind waitin' till thin?' he siz.

"'Oi suppose we'll have to,' siz Mary Ann.

"Oi'd have tuk a hand in the argymint

mesilf in the shtart iv ut, but Oi was falin' that toired an' wake, an' besoides Oi cud see Mary Ann was quoite aquil to the occashin.

"Well, we shlipt in that room that noight, an' begorra, Mrs. Flanigan, 'twas loike shlapin' an a litther iv pigs to loy an that bid, an' the pillies was stuffed wid harrd lumps iv cotton wid shticks betwane (at laste it filt loike that), but oh murrther! the miskitties! Oi'm tellin' ye no loy, Mrs. Flanigan! There was thousands iv thim! We boath luked like we had the shmall pox phwin we got up in the marrnin', an' 'twas sorra the wink iv shlape we got the noight, bein' well cooked wid the hate as well as ayted, an' Oi siz to Mary Ann:

"'Tis a fool Oi was to lave a comfurtible ho-ame wid a good fither tick an' pilly fer the loikes iv this! If we'd not the promus iv a daycint pla-ace to shtop in Oi'd have shtarted fer ho-ame on fut wid the furrst pape o' da-ay.' But the felly was as good as his wurrd, an' afther brikfist he sint us to a foine room wid two single bids an' a clane matt'n an the flure, an' a rockin' cha-air, an' no miskitties. Mary Ann didn't loike ut becase 'twas oaver the kitchen, but Oi towld

her it kipt me from bein' ho-amesick to sit by the windy and shmell the porrk froyin' an' the cabbage an' inyins a b'ilin', an' the n'ise was no wurrse than the throlly cyarrs. Besoides 'twas so sociable loike to hear a bit iv the good ould brogue now an' thin from below, an' the scraps betwane the cooks an' the naygur waithers was as intherta-ainin' as the owld tinimint used t' be. It quoite carried me back to ould toimes.

"Phwat did Oi do wid mesilf? Well, there wasn't mooch to do, t' till the troot'. Oi'd walk around the pla-ace a bit, an' Mary Ann tuk me out rowin' a few toimes an' wanst Oi wint in a sailboat; but Hivin ferbid me goin' ag'in. Oi niver wud a wint at ahl at ahl, but Mary Ann was jist cra-azy to go an' there was a young man there wid wan (a sailboat Oi mane), an' he was tazin' her day an' noight to be goin' in ut, an' Oi didn't t'ink 'twas proper fer her to be goin' sailin' or anny phwere ilse aloan wid a young felly, an' her ingaged to Tom Donovan an' him a wroitin' to her ivery da-ay. So she siz, 'Ye'll have to go alahng for a chappyroon,' she siz.

"Phwat's that, I dinnaw?" asked Mrs. Flanigan.

"'Tis a married wumman, that goes alahng wid a gairrl t' ma-ake it rispictible fer her to be doin' annyt'ing she loikes. We niver had thim in our da-ay, so we had to be-ha-ave oursilves, but now-a-da-ays, if ye have a chappyroon alahng, ye can be as woild as ye loike an' no wan can say annyt'ing; at laste, so Oi'm towld. Annyhow, Oi wouldn' lave Mary Ann go widout me, so Oi wint, though Oi t'ink the felly didn't ca-are pertikler fer me sassoyty. Oi t'ought it was jist grand at furrst, the boat shlipped alahng t'roo the wather so aisy, but afther a phwoile a bit iv a wind kim alahng an' the t'ing tipped up an the soide till the other soide was ahl in the wather an' Oi scramed out:

"'Millia murrther! We' ll ahl be shpilt in the wather! 'Tis goin' over ut is!'

"But the felly an' Mary Ann oanly laughed at me, an' Mary Ann towld me O'id niver l'arrn to be a shport if Oi moinded a little t'ing loike that. So I throyed to kape shtill, but to sa-ave the loife iv me Oi cudn't kape from littin' out a yell ivery toime the cra-azy t'ing tipped up. Oi was just beginnin' t' git over me froight a bit phwin the felly yelled:

"'Riddy about!' an' Mary Ann scrames out, 'Duck, Maw!'

"'Phwere?" Oi siz, an' Oi was lukin' around to see the duck phwin Oi was knocked flat wid a crack on the head from a t'ing they cahls the 'buhm,' an' shure 'twas roightly na-amed! Oi t'ought it was kilt Oi was intoirly an' I scrayched bloody murrther, but they towld me 'twas because Oi didn't duck me hid phwin the boat turrned round. After that Oi sat down an the flure iv the boat phwere the buhm t'ing cudn't rache me an' shpint the toime sayin' me prayers till we was sa-afe an shore ag'in. 'Twas the last toime Oi throid anny iv thim t'ings, or Mary Ann ayther. Oi put me fut down thin an' there, an' she didn't dare go agin me.

"Moast toimes Oi did be sittin' in a rockin' cha-air an the piazzy wid the other ould wimmun.

"Ahl the rist iv thim had a bit iv fancy wurrk t' be doin'. Oi had nothin' to do, barrin' a few socks t' mind that Oi was afther shlippin' in my thrunk, but Mary Ann wouldn't lave me do thim, excipt in me room, so Oi had to sit an' thwurrl me t'umbs an' listen to the talk; an' iv ahl the Tom-

my-rot it was, Mrs. Flanigan! Oi'm tillin' ye thrue, Oi niver heard the loike! Phwin they wud be talkin' about choilder, Oi cud mix in a bit an' injy mesilf, but I had no intherest in sairvints, havin' noane iv me oahn, an' the moast iv their talk was about divoorsis, an' who was goin' with some other man's woife and the scandilliss t'ings that did be sid iv this gairrl an' that, and sich loike shtuff, till Oi was sick at me shtummick, an' the oanly raysin Oi shtayed wid thim at ahl was t' be kapin' thim from roonin' me oahn rippyta-ashin an' Mary Ann's. 'Twud not have been healt'y fer thim t' have sid annyt'ing agin her, the darlin'! Ye shud have sane her! There wasn't fellies enough t' go around an' the gairrls was all buzzin' around the two or t'ree that was there, loike floys round a molassis joog. But it wasn't lahng before Mary Ann had wan or other iv thim moast iv the toime ('tis the winnin' way she has) an' phwin Satherday noight ca-ame an' there was a who-ale 'bus load coom up from the city, she had ahl the parrtners she wanted fer the hop, an' Oi was that proud av her Oi was near bustin', she luked so purrty, and danced so aisy loike.

"Yis, there was plinty of gairrls there that wud have been purrty if ye ga-ave them half a chanst. But 'tisn't stoylish to have a good complickshun anny moare, in the soomer toime. The blacker an' more frickled ye arre, an' the tougher ye look the shweller ye arre—ixcipt avenins. Ye cud see plinty iv shwell rags thin.

"The furrst marrnin' afther we got there Oi was sittin' an the piazzy an Oi sane Mary Ann shpakin' wid a big gairrl wid a dhrabbled sharrt skurrt an' big t'ick shoes an' a shloppy shurrt waist, that had no fit to ut, an' the shlaves rolled up aboove her ilbows. Her fa-ace an' arrums were the color iv a roipe timattie an' a mop iv hairr was wopsed at the back iv her nick, wid inds hangin' ahl over her fa-ace. She had a lahng poaker in her hand, an' Oi siz t' me-silf, 'Phwat's Mary Ann doin' talkin' t' the sairvint gairrl so frindly?' an' Oi wint an' called her awa-ay, an' Oi siz to her:

"'Phwat fer arre ye bemanin' yersilf be shpakin' to the hoired gairrls an the piazzies, phwere the payple kin see ye?' Oi siz. An' phwat d' ye t'ink she siz t' me?

"'Hoired gairrl!'" she siz, 'Oh Maw, yer that grane Oi'll have to watch ye or the

cows 'll be aytin' ye,' she siz. 'D' ye know who that is? That's the shwellest gairrl in this hotil!' she siz. Miss Frinch, the rich porrk-packer's daughter,' she siz. 'She wint to boardin' school wid Rosy an' Annie, an' Oi mit her at their house wan da-ay,' she siz.

"'Phwat does she be doin' wid the poaker?' Oi siz.

"'Poaker nothin!' she siz. 'That's a golluf cloob! She do be a champeen golluf player an' is jist afther playin' a ga-ame. D' ye moind the caddy wid her?'

"'Phwat ut is?' Oi siz.

"'The bit lad wid the bag iv shticks,' she siz.

"'An' phwat'll he do?' Oi siz.

"'He carries the cloobs an' foinds the bahls an' ma-akes the tay.'

"'Tay is ut! That b'y!' Oi scrayched. 'D' ye mane t' say that a kid loike that kin make a cup o' tay that's fitten to dhrink? The saints presairve us!" Oi siz.

"'Tis ma-ade out iv sand t' howld the bahl up,' she siz.

"'Sa-and!' Oi sez. 'Oi've heard iv sugar ma-ade out iv sand, but niver tay!' Oi siz. 'It must be sthrang t' howld up a golluf bahl, if it's wan iv thim harrd t'ings Patsy

brought hoame from the parrk wan day,' Oi siz. 'Take him away!' Oi siz. 'Oi'll kape the ould tay caddy Oi brought from the ould coonthry an' make me tay mesilf,' Oi siz.

"But, bedad, 'twas Mary Ann had the joak an me the virry nixt day, fer she found me hob-nobbin' wid a new acquaintince down an the pier. 'Twas a good lukin' gairrl drissed in the latist shtoyle, wid a pitcher hat and a pink thrailin' gown ahl thrimmed oaver wid la-ace. She luked at me wid a cahndescindin' shmoile an' Oi siz to her, 'Tis a foine da-ay! Arre ye goin' out an the wather?' 'In a minnut,' she siz. 'Me gintleman frind has gahn afther a boat,' she siz. So Oi t'ought Oi'd be havin' a chat wid her phwoilst she was waitin'. We was jist gett'n' rale chummy an' Oi was tellin' her about me Mary Ann an' how Oi wished she was around to be matin' her, phwin a naygur man rowed up in a boat, an' she siz, 'Good afthernoon,' to me, and lift me. Jist that minnut Mary Ann kim down the pier, and she was laughin' fit to doy, an' she siz:

"'Who's your frind?' she siz.

"'Oi fergot t' ax her na-ame,' Oi siz, 'but phwat's the joak?' Oi siz.

"'Oi niver t'ought to see Bridget Casey

chummin' wid a colored chambermaid!' she siz.

"'Chambermaid! Colored!' Oi siz. 'Gra-ate da-ay!' Oi siz. 'Oi'll not belave ut! Oi t'ought 'twas oanly tanned she was! Shure she's phwoiter than anny iv the phwoite gairrls Oi've sane here!'

"Then she laughed till the tears was roonin' down the fa-ace iv her, an' Oi was that mad Oi cudn't shpake at ahl at ahl.

"At lasht she siz, phwin she cud shtop laughin' lahng enough to git her brith,

"''Tis Lucindy, the chambermaid that's an the flure above us, an' she does be havin' her afthernoon out, wid her young man, an' him wan iv the waithers!' Phwat d'ye t'ink iv that?

"Shpakin' iv waithers, Oi'll have to be tellin' ye me ixpayrince wid thim. Oi niver did be aytin' in a hotil befoor, an' Oi was shcared shtiff fer fear Oi'd be disgra-acin' mysilf be doin' somethin' that wasn't good forrum, as Mary Ann cahls ut, so Oi near shtarved mesilf the furrst da-ay or two aytin' so shlow loike an' pertikler. Oi'd lave Mary Ann till the waither phwat Oi wanted, an' the shtuff was good enough moast toimes, though Oi cud be cookin' ut betther mesilf,

and 'twas a bit shkimpy. A shloice iv mate, so t'in ye cud see t'roo ut, an' a dab iv pratie, an' a dab o' this an' a dab o' that, ahl sit'n round yer pla-ate in burrd's bath toobs. Afther a phwoile Oi got on to the caper iv ut, an' Oi wud have been able t' ate a shquare male but fer the naygur a shtandin' behoind me, or be me soide, a watchin' ivery boite Oi did be ta-akin.' That was near dhroivin' me woild, an' at last Oi cudn't shtand it no lahnger, an' Oi siz,

"'Git awa-ay from the back iv me ye black divil ye!' Oi siz. 'How kin Oi ate, wid youse lukin' at me!' Oi siz. 'Go chase yersilf t' the kitchun!' Oi siz. An' he wint. But the throuble was, afther that he was niver round phwin he was wanted, an' 'twas lahng we had to wait soomtoimes t' git soomthin' t' ate.

"Wan day in pertikler, Mary Ann was gahn to a picnic wid some iv the young payple an' Oi had to go t' me dinner aloan. Oi sat in me pla-ace an' waited an' waited an' sorra a toime did the craythor coom near me, though he was afther waitin' an the Jew la-ady that sat acrass the table. Oi was that shtarved Oi was near aytin' me knoife an' fork (the air up there does be givin' ye sich

an appytoite, 'tis somethin' fierce!). At lasht Oi siz to the Jew la-ady,

"'Phwat kin Oi be doin t' the black-gyarrd,' Oi siz, 'to ma-ake him bring me me dinner?' Oi siz.

"'Have ye tipped 'im?' she siz. 'They'll do nothin' fer ye unliss ye tip thim,' an' she tipped me a shloy wink t' show me phwat she mint.

"Well, 'twas bilin' mad Oi was, an' Oi kim near lavin' the pla-ace widout annyt'ing. To t'ink iv *me*—Mrs. Aldherman Casey, be-manin' hersilf t' be tippin' winks at a black man! Shades iv me ant-sisthers, Mrs. Flanigan, but 'twas a harrd pill to shwally! But—doant ye till ut an me—Oi done ut!"

"Sha-ame till ye, Mrs. Casey!" ejaculated Mrs. Flanigan, with righteous indignation.

"Shure Oi'm burnin' wid sha-ame this minnut, Mrs. Flanigan, wid t'inkin' iv ut. But ye niver know phwat ye'll be doin' phwin ye're shtarvin'. Oi waited till he coom near the ta-able an' thin Oi caught his oye an' Oi tipped him a shmall bit iv a wink, but it niver pha-ased 'im, so Oi tuk a good grip iv me chair, and though Oi could fale me face gittin' the color of a bate, Oi tipped him another wan, a big, bowld, bad wink that

squinched up the whoale soide iv me fa-ace, jist loike that! Aivin' that didn't fitch him, but he shtopped in his thracks wid a big thray iv dishes he was shwingin' around in the airr an his hand till 'twud ma-ake ye dizzy, an' he luked at me fer a minnut wid his eyes near poppin' out iv his hid, an' thin he showed a row iv tathe ye could button in the back, an' lit out fer the kitchen, gigglin' an' chucklin' to bate the band. Oi was that mad at the craythe Oi could have kilt him an the sphot, but manetoime Oi wasn't gittin' me dinner, so Oi luked around in dish-pa-are to foind soom hilp soom pla-ace, phwin me oye loighted an the yally felly that bosses all the other waiters. 'Twas him that did be chuvvin' the cha-air undher me ivery toime Oi kim to the table. The furrst toime we kim in t' the doinin' room, he beckoned us wid his finger, loike this, an' danced over to a ta-able in the carrner and jurrked back a cha-air. He grinned an' luked so shloy loike, Oi was fearin' some thrick, an' Oi siz, 'Doant ye da-are snatch the cha-air from undher me, ye ould laddybuck!' Oi siz. 'Oi'm an t' yees!' Oi siz. An' Oi grabbed ut wid boath hands befoor Oi'd sit me down, phwin shoo! Oi was shcooped up

in ut loike a chuvvle iv coals, an' me fate lifted clane ahf the flure an' me jammed up t' the table wid a napkin an' a glass iv oice wather in front iv me befoor ye cud wink.

"Well, as Oi was tillin' ye, Oi sane him lukin' at me an' Oi siz to mesilf, 'Oi'll see phwat kin be done wid youse, me b'y!' So Oi done wan moare wink. Oi shwore it shud be me last, if Oi doid iv shta-arvashin. 'Twas an illigint wan, Oi do be tellin' ye, Mrs. Flanigan, an' it did the bisness! He started fer me as if soomwan had hit him a poonch in the back, an', siz he:

"'Is there annyt'ing ye're afther wantin' mum?'

"'Shure t'ing!' Oi siz. 'Oi'm afther wantin' me dinner for near an hour!' Oi siz, 'an' Oi'd thank ye to be tillin' wan iv thim lazy black lubbers t'git busy an' fitch me a boite t' ate befoor Oi faint wid hoonger!' Oi siz. An' he done ut.

"Phwoile Oi was aytin' ut, Oi got to t'inkin', an' Oi siz to mesilf, 'How is ut that Mary Ann gits waited an so aisy?' Oi niver caught her winkin', and she'd betther not throy ut! Oi'd lave the pla-ace quick! Me Mary Ann to be winkin' at *anny* man, lit aloan the loikes iv thim!'

"But Oi t'ought Oi'd watch the nixt toime an' see. So Oi did. An' if ye'll belave me, Mrs. Flanigan, she niver so much as luked at wan o' thim, but she laid a quarther down besoide her pla-ate, an' he tuk it with a grin, an' thin he cudn't do enough fer us! Luk at that now fer shmartniss! 'Tis oanly Mary Ann cud t'ink to do a t'ing loike that! She bought him ahf ye see, so she'd not be havin' to wink at 'im! Phwoy cudn't Oi have t'ought to be doin' that?"

CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. CASEY'S TELEPHONE.

"PHWAT'S the box on the wa-ahl, Mrs. Casey?"

"That there? That do be me new tillyphoan, Mrs. Flanigan. Did ye niver shpake wid wan?"

"Oi niver laid me oyes an wan, lit aloan convarsin' wid ut. 'Tis too foine ye're gitten for the loikes iv me, Mrs. Casey, wid yer tillyphoans."

"Aw, niver at ahl at ahl, Mrs. Flanigan! 'Tis noane iv moy doin's anny how. Ye see, since thim Fogartys kim into the block, Mary Ann has bin woild to have a tillyphoan beca'se they has wan, an' she lift me no pace wid her tazin'. 'They're jist grand, Maw,' she siz. 'Ye can talk to Paw at the ahfice phwiniver ye loike, an' to the grocery an' bootcher, an' ahl yer frinds, widout lavin' the place.' She tazed and tazed, an' ye know she has always the winnin' way wid her, ispishilly wid her Paw, so at last he con-

sinted, an' 'twas put in. Wud ye loike to shpake wid ut?"

"Hiven ferbid! Oi'll have nothin' to do wid thim divil michanes! 'Tis shpooks that's in thim, shpakin' wid the v'ices iv livin payple! Ye naden't throy to till me that ye kin shpake wid yer man down town t'roo that bit iv a box! 'Tis the ould b'y himself that's foolin' ye, that's ahl!"

"Sorra a bit iv him, Mrs. Flanigan! Wait now till Oi show ye!"

Going over to the telephone, Mrs. Casey carefully took down the receiver and reverently adjusted it to her ear. Putting her mouth as close to the 'phone as possible, she shouted:

"'Give me siven twinty-wan, forty-foive!' Ye see, Mrs. Flanigan, ye always have to wait fer thim to cahl him up."

"Hilloh yersilf! Is that Gilhooley an' Casey's? Is Aldherman Casey annyphwere about the pla-ace? No? Throy Misther Ryan's ahfice thin—Howld the phoan, is ut? Shure Oi'm doin' that sa-ame! It'll not git away from the loikes iv me! Phwat's that? He's not there? It's in the billiard saloon acrass the sthrate he'll be thin! 'Tis there he do be goin' ahftin

iv a Satherday afternoon. Roon oaver fer him, that's a foine b'y! Till him it's his oahn woife Bridget that'll be shpakin' to him, on a matther iv loife an' dith! (It'll take that to fitch him Mrs. Flanigan, if he's playin' a ga-ame! Shure Oi know him!)—Hilloh! Is that yersilf, Moike? Yis, it's mesilf shpakin' to ye! Mrs. Flanigan's here an' she's misdoubtin' that Oi cud shpake to ye t'roo the bit iv a box, so Oi'm showin' her—Yis, that's all Oi wanted—Phwat! Oi'll not do ut! Go there yersilf! Shame till ye to be shwearin' in coompany! It's a noice polite man ye arre, to be talkin' loike that to the woife that—no! Oi'll not dhroy up! It's a baste ye arre to be usin' sich wurrds to the loikes iv me, that shtays hoame loike a daycint wumman and cooks fer ye and sa-aves an' shla-aves that ye may shpind yer toime playin' billiards an' poaker an' the ould b'y knows phwat!—No! Oi'll not ring ahf! Who are you that does be mixin' in phwin a gintleman an' his woife is afther havin' a quoit cahnversa-ashin'! Oi'll sind a complaint, an' have ye foired, ye sassy jade! Hilloh! Hillo—ooh, Moike! *Moike!* Oi say! Shure he's gahn!" and Mrs. Casey reluctantly hung up the receiver.

"Well, an' phwat do ye t'ink now?"

"Bedad, it do be havin' ahl the symptims iv Moike, but Oi'm not convinced."

"Shure ye must be wan iv thim acrostics that Mary Ann was tillin' av, that doant know annyt'ing and doant belave in annyt'ing!"

Mrs. Flanigan reached for her shawl and started for the door.

"Oi didn't coom here to be cahled naames, Mrs. Casey!"

"Aw sit aisy, Mrs. Flanigan! Can't ye be takin' a joak from an ould frind?"

"Joaks is joaks, an' na-ames is na-ames! An' Oi'll not be towld Oi doant know annyt'ing jist beca'se Oi doan't be approvin' iv the devoices iv the Avil Wan!"

"'Twas no offince Oi mint at ahl! Have another cup o' tay an' fergit ut! Oi'll sind oaver to the grocery fer some ginger ca-akes."

Somewhat mollified, though with some demurring, Mrs. Flanigan consented to remain.

Mrs. Casey went to the telephone and called up the corner grocery.

"Hilloh! Is that yersilf, Mrs. Flynn? It's Mrs. Casey—Yis, jist that sa-ame! How's the ould man? Is that so? Tuk

down wid faver! Aw wurra, wurra! that's bad! Oi'll roon oaver this avenin'. Soare t'roat did ye say? Try a pork rhoind till ut —yis—yis—that's roight, but casther ile is betther—Wan yard—yis—rid, wid black thrimmin's—Oh yis, t'ree toimes a da-ay—Phwat's that? Twins, did ye say? Proud's the da-ay! Mrs. Flanigan's here—She does be—Ye doant sa-ay so! Oi wud'nt belave it iv her—the loiar!"

"An' if it's mesilf ye're gassipin' about," broke in Mrs. Flanigan at this point, "Oi'll lave yez to ca-all names to yer hairrt's contint, ye ould scandil monger!"

"Aw whist will ye, ye ould crank! 'Tisn't you at ahl at ahl! 'Twas Mrs. O'Shea was afther tillin' the Flynns she saw yer man dhrunk, an'—*howld an there!*—it's not t'roo shpakin' Oi am! Mrs. Flynn! *Aw* Mrs. Flynn! Mrs. Flynn, Oi say! Bad cess to thim! They've shut me ahf! But isn't it a gra-ate convayn-yince, Mrs. Flanigan?"

"An' fer what? Oi doant see no cakes!"

"Aw shure! Oi fergot the ca-akes! Oi'll sind Mickey oaver fer thim."

"'Twud have been aisier to do that sa-ame in the furrst pla-ace, Oi'm t'inkin'."

"But 'tis so sociable loike to have a bit iv

a chin wid the tillyphoan. There's soom wan ringin' fer me now—Hilloh! Yis—yis—no, ut's Casey's—*Casey's*, Oi say! Who is ut shpakin' d'ye sa-ay? An' who shud it be but Bridget Casey, woife iv Aldherman Casey! An' who are you? Faith, Oi towld ye wanst who Oi am—quit rattlin' that doice box in me ear an' howld yer whist!—Oi'm Bridget Casey, Mrs. Aldherman Casey, an Oi weigh two hundred pounds an' Oi'm goin' an forrty siven years ould an' rid hidded! An' is it annyt'ing ilse ye'd be loikin' to know, Oi dinnaw? Ye doant want *me!* Well, ye cud'nt git me if ye did! Ring ahf yersilf! Phwat d'ye mane be disthurbin' daycint payple that's havin' a quoit sup o' tay iv an afthernoon? Quit shwearin'! Oi'll not shtop to hear ye!" And Mrs. Casey indignantly hung up the receiver.

"Who was ut? Faith Oi dinnaw at ahl, at ahl. Oi doant wish to be cooltivatin' the acquaintince iv anny wan that shpakes langwudge iv sich a char*ack*ther! The baste!"

"Oi'm t'inkin' ye're not lackin' fer shindies wid yer new t'y."

"No, we has a-plinty, ispishilly phwin Himsilf gits to lambastin' the bootcher

t'roo ut fer not sindin' the mate in toime fer dinner, an' t'rowin' boka-ays at the pa-aper hanger fer not kapin' his promus to coom an' pa-aper the parrlor iv a Monda-ay marrnin'.

"Who'll that be now? Hilloh! No, Larry's not hoame yit! 'Tis Mrs. Casey shpakin'! An' who arre you? Phwat? Dinny Flanigan? Gra-ate da-ay! but that's luck! Here's yer mother wid me! Wud ye be afther shpakin wid her? All roight! 'Tis yer oahn Dinny that's shpakin', Mrs. Flanigan! He was cahlin' up Larry an' didn't know ye were here. Coom an' shpake wid him!"

"Aw it's fearful Oi am, Mrs. Casey! Oi'll not go near ut!"

"Think sha-ame to yersilf fer a fra-aid cat! Phwat harrum cud it do ye? Coom an now!"

After a little more persuasion Mrs. Flanigan allowed her curiosity to get the better of her fears and advanced with much caution, and backing and filling, to the neighborhood of the much dreaded instrument. She accepted the receiver gingerly, as if she was afraid it would burn her, and stood ready to drop it and run, on the first indica-

tion of sinister motive on the part of the malevolent monster.

"Hello, mother!" came the voice of her son, through the receiver.

Mrs. Flanigan jumped a foot from the floor.

"Millia murrther! Dinny! Is it ra-aly yersilf?"

"Shure t'ing! Put yer mouth near the hole in the box whin ye talk to me an Oi'll hear ye better!"

"Aw, Dinny, b'y! Arre ye shut up in that bit iv a box? Coom out quick or I'll be gittin' a hatchut to smash the fa-ace iv ut!"

"Haw-haw! box nothin'! I'm down at the works, five miles away from ye."

"Foive moiles! Glory to goodness! Doant till me no loys! Oi always knew ye had a big loud v'ice, but Oi niver t'ought Oi cud hear ut foive moiles, begorra! Oi'll not belave ut! It's in the box ye arre, hoidin' from me! Coom out, ye thafe iv the wurrld! Quit laughin' at me, ye impidint—Ouch! It's kilt Oi am intoirely! Me ear dhrum's busted!" and Mrs. Flanigan dropped the receiver, and, holding her injured ear with both hands, put the width of the room between her and the satanic

machine upon which she poured volleys of vehement and voluble wrath. All explanations of the phenomena connected with telephones were insufficient to appease her, and she positively declined to have "more spache wid ut, aiven if it do be the Angel Ga-abril himsilf in the bit iv a box!"

CHAPTER IX.

A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

THE arrival of Mickey with the ginger cakes proved an opportune diversion, and her indignation being drowned in several copious installments of "tay," Mrs. Flanigan was able to listen with equanimity and interest to her hostess' account of her own initiation into the mysteries of telephoning.

"Shure Oi was schared iv ut mesilf phwin 'twas furrst pit in, it did same that oncanny, an' they was always makin' quare noises loike the koind ye heard, that made me joomp wid froight. But Oi got used to ut afther a phwoile, an' now Oi give them as good as they sind. Thim gairrls at the Cinthral bees that sassy soomtoimes though, Oi'd loike to be layin' me two hands an thim, the jades! It does be throyin to me dispisishin to have wan iv thim cut in jist as yer cahnversa-ashin is gittin' intherestin',

wid "Arre yez t'roo? 'Tis tin minutes yez be afther shpakin!' as if 'twas anny iv their business!

"'Tis Mary Ann that has the moast use iv ut. Ye see the Gilhooleys has wan, an' they do be always talkin' wid her, an' they bees a lot iv fellies that cahls her up wid invitashuns to the t'eatre an' cahncerts an' t'ings loike thim. Tom Donavan? Oh no, didn't ye know? She's not goin' wid him anny moare. She broke wid him a phwoile back. He's not foine enough fer her, an' she'd not listen to me phwin Oi towld her he was too good fer the loikes iv her.

"'He's good enough, Oi doant denoy that,' she siz, 'but he do be that commin-pla-ace an' shtupid, Oi can't pit up wid him.' That's phwat cooms iv iddicatin' yer gairrls aboove their oahn koind iv payple, Mrs. Flanigan. There's nothin' good enough fer thim in their oahn class, and they're not good enough fer the nixt class, so there ye arre, hung up in the middle, wid no pla-ace annyphwere!

"Have ye sane him since?" asked Mrs. Flanigan.

"Niver wanst. He'd not be coomin' here, ye know."

"An' did ye know 'twas comin'? That she was goin' to break wid him?"

"Oi knew that she was onaisy, but Oi hoped she'd git oaver ut. Ye see 'twas her goin' wid the Gilhooleys so much. Now Oi've nothin' to sa-ay ag'in the Gilhooleys. They bees ahl roight, an' the gairrls manes well, but goin' so much in fashnibble sassoyty, they do be gettin' snippy noshins, an' ye nade to sit thim down good an' harrd now an' thin. Iv coorse we do be much beholden to thim ahl, ispishilly Mary Ann, an' she swears be thim. Well, they niver tuk to Tom. An' 'twas shmall blame t' thim fer t'inkin' him shtupid, fer whin they ca-ame, an' him in the house, 'twas sorra the wurrd he'd shpake. He cud talk well enough among thim that knew him, an' 'twas worth hearin', the tales he'd be tellin' ye, iv loife in the city as he knew ut in his wurrk; an' manny's the toime Oi've sat wid me hairrt in me mout' an' the tear in me oye as he'd tell iv the rough toimes he'd had, or sufferin' he'd sane, an' 'twas niver wid boastin', but alwa-ays he'd be kapin' back the pairts that he'd done, or makin' ut so little ye'd fergit about ut.

"But he cudn't talk iv books, or Airrt, or

pla-ays, or sassoyty payple or doin's, an' he wasn't a bit iv a shmall talker. So phwin they'd begin an the loike iv thim t'ings, he'd sit loike a did man, an' luk about as intheristin' as a wooden Injin. Thin he cudn't dance, no more than an illyphint, so they niver axed him to their dancin' parrthies wid Mary Ann. So ye see, bein' young t'ings that wa-ay, an' not havin' the sinse t' luk dape down fer the rale man that was in him, it was not surproisin' they t'ought he was comminpla-ace an' ignorint an' shtupid.

"Oi cud see that it was a throil to Mary Ann, fer she wanted him to show ahf well befoor her foine frinds, an' she siz to him wanst, afther they was gahn,

"'Tom, Oi'm goin't' have a foire cracker, or a hat pin or soomthin' t' rouse ye wid, nixt toime there do be coompany. Phwoy can't ye spake up fer yersilf?'

"'Molly, me gairrl, 'tis a fish out iv wather Oi am wid thim payple,' he siz. 'Their wurrld's not moy wurrld nor moine theirs. We've nothin' in common but the love iv you, an' that Oi can't be makin' the soobjict iv sassoyty cahn-ver-sa-a-shin.'

"That shut her up, but Oi cud see she

was changin' in her falin' to him, an' it worried me. But Oi didn't dare say much, fer gairrls is quare, an' Oi was fearin' Oi'd do more harrum th'n good.

"Oi doant know phwat they sid to her (thim gairrls Oi mane), but she got more an' more onaisy, an' Tom—he cud see that soomthin' was wrang, an' it ma-ade him quoiter thin iver. At last they had it out wan noight, an' Mary Ann ca-ame up shtairs phwin he was gahn, an' siz to me,

"'Mother,' she siz, 'Oi've broake wid Tom, an plaze doan't ax me anny queschins. Oi doan't want to talk about ut.'

"'Oi shud t'ink not!' Oi siz. ('Twas that mad Oi was Oi cud have bate her.) 'Go hang yer hid wid sha-ame!' Oi siz. 'Ye've trun down the bist man that iver walked!' Oi siz.

"'Goodniss isn't iveryt'ing!' she siz.

"'Maybe not, but it's a moighty foine t'ing t' begin wid!' Oi siz.

"'Tom can't undherstand or apprayshate the t'ings that Oi inj'y,' she siz,' an' Oi niver cud be happy wid him.'

"'Thin it's becase ye havn't larrned t' inj'y the roight t'ings,' Oi siz. 'Phwin ye git oulder an' have more sinse, ye'll know they

was t'ings about Tom Donovan that *youse* cud nayther undherstand nor apprayshate.'

"'Twas no use talkin' wid her though. Her moind was made up. But 'twas little shlapin' Oi done the noight.

"Thim Fogartys bees shp'ilin' her too. Mrs. Fogarty an' Dinnis do be daycint foalk, barrin' their airs, but that Annie Fogarty! Oi doan't loike the luks iv the crowd she roons wid. They're too shporty be half, an' if t' wasn't that Mary Ann bees a good hanest gairrl wid no nonsinse about her, Oi'd be feared to lave her shpake wid thim at ahl. As it is Oi kape me oyes virry woide oapin, an' me ears too, phwin Annie cooms here. She does be always invoitin' Mary Ann to go to the t'eatre, an' there's a felly that's kim hoame wid thim wanst or twoict that Oi'm layin' fer. He'll not coom here soon ag'in Oi'm t'inkin.'

"Ye see Mary Ann was gahn out wan da-ay an' Oi was up shtairs sewin', phwin Jahnny calls up, 'Maw! Here's a gint wants to shpake wid ye oaver the phoan. Coom down quick!'

"'Oi'll be there in a minnut,' Oi siz. 'Wait till Oi clane mesilf a bit. Oi cudn't be matin' a gintleman lukin' loike this.' So

he wint to the phoan an' hollered, 'Howld an a minnut! She's pittin' an her glad rags an' she'll be roight down!'

"Phwin Oi got there Oi siz, 'Hilloh!' an' a man's v'ice siz, 'Is that Miss Casey?' Oi rickonoized the v'ice iv the felly Oi was tellin' ye av, that kim hoame wid Mary Ann. Oi was jist goin' to sa-ay, 'No, Mary Ann's out,' phwin Oi caught mesilf jist in toime, an' I t'ought, 'Oi'll jist be foxy an' foind out phwat he'll be wantin'.' So Oi siz, in me swatest toanes, 'Is that Mr. Delancey?' Ye know me v'ice is a bit loike Mary Ann's phwin Oi'm partick'ler to moind me brogue. Oi kin sphake that illigint, Mrs. Flanigan, phwin Oi throy, ye'd not belave. Mary Ann puts me t'roo a lisson ivery da-ay, but 'tis too much loike wurrk to be shpakin' that way ahftin. He t'ought it was her all roight —Oi sane that emayjitly—an' he siz:

"'How arre ye this marrnin'?' an' Oi siz, 'Fine! How's yerself?" jist loike that.

"'Arre ye aloane?' he siz. 'Entirely.' Oi siz.

"'That's good,' he siz. 'We can have a noice little chat.'

"'So we can,' siz Oi.

"'Oi'd rather be sittin' besoide ye, little

wan, an' lukin' into yer swate oyes, though!' he siz.

"'Aw gway! None of yer taffy!' Oi siz.

"Thin he laughed an' siz, 'Can ye coom out for a sharrt sthroll in the parrk this afthernoon?'

"'May be,' Oi siz, 'I'll go and ask me Maw.'

"'Pshaw!' he siz, 'ye doant nade to ask the ould la-ady ivery toime ye move, do ye? Jist say nothin' an' coom an. We'll have a foine toime, an' Oi'll tache ye to loike taffy!' he siz.

"'Ye will, will ye, ye ould shcamp!' Oi siz, quoite fergittin' me illigint spache, Oi was that mad. 'Jist throy it wanst, an' Oi'll tache ye a t'ing or two yer nadin' to know,' Oi siz.

"'Phwat a delishiss brogue ye have this marrnin', me dear!' he siz. 'Oi niver notussed it befoor.'

"'Oi always uses the brogue phwin Oi'm mad!' Oi siz, 'an' Oi'm that now! Doant ye be gittin' frish around Mary Ann Casey!' Oi siz, 'or she'll show ye phwere t' git ahf at!' Oi siz. 'Take a back sate to yersilf an' sit down an it, ye impidint ould fox! Oi

know the koind iv ould raskil ye arre now, an' Oi kin prove ut ! Oi have ut in black an' phwoite over the tillyphoan ! An' doant ye be afther showin' yer oogly moog in this pla-ace ag'in or ye'll foind that the ould la-ady has lost nayther the flow iv langwudge nor the use iv her hands, begorra ! ' "

CHAPTER X.

MRS. CASEY AT THE EUCHRE PARTY.

"GOOD marrnin' Mrs. Flanigan! Oi t'ought Oi'd dhrop in fer a minnut to see how ye'd be lukin' the da-ay. 'Tis a grand day outside, barrin' the rain. Oh, niver moind me umbrelly; Oi'll jist shtand ut here in the carner. Oh, but Oi'm that toired! Yis, Oi'll be sittin' down a bit.

"Oh, Mrs. Flanigan, darlint, Oi do be afther havin' the toime iv me loife since Oi saw ye lasht! Phwat do ye t'ink? Oi wint to a progrissive euchre parrthy last Chuseday, and phwat's moare, Oi tuk a proize! Phwat do ye t'ink o' that! An' me that niver had a cyard in me fisht before! Oh, but 'twas great doin's, Mrs. Flanigan!

"Ye see, Monday was a week ago, Mary Ann was gahn to her lissons, the byes was ahl at school, and nobody hoame but me an' the ba-aby, and Oi a doin' me washin', phwin the bill rang at the front dure. Oi shuk the suds ahf me hands and wint to the dure and

'twas Rosy an' Annie Gilhooley to see would Mary Ann boy a tickut fer the progrissive euchre parrthy that the ladies of St. Pathrick's was gittin' up fer the Arrphin Assoylim. Oi tuk thim into the parrlor and towld thim Mary Ann wasn't hoame, but Oi'd take a tickut fer her, being' that sorry fer the Arrphins.

"'An' woant ye take a tickut fer yersilf, Mrs. Casey?' siz Annie Gilhooley.

"'An' phwat wud Oi be doin' wid ut?' Oi siz. 'Oi niver played a game iv cyards in me loife.'

"'Oh, git Mary Ann to tache ye!' siz she. 'Shure 'tis an aisy game. Anny wan wid a bit iv sinse can larrn it in an avenin'.'

"Well, Oi didn't t'ink Oi'd be goin', but Oi sid Oi'd take a tickut. So Oi wint up shtairs to git me purrse and phwin Oi kim down they was talkin' quoit loike, an' Oi heard Rosy say to Annie :

"'Ye doan't belave she'll coom, do ye?'

"'No indade,' siz Annie, 'Mary Ann wouldn' lave her, but it's wan more tickut sold.'

"Mary Ann lave me indade! Me own choild that Oi raised to be that rispictful and obadjint! Shure Oi was that mad, Mrs.

The Gilhooley Girls.

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Mrs. Alderman Carey.

Flanigan, Oi shtud there in the hall wid me hands goin' this way fer foive minnuts they was that achin' to be bumpin' their sassy hids togither! But Oi' siz to mesilf, 'No! Oi'll fool yez this toime! Oi'll show ye that Bridget Casey'll do as she plazes, and she'll not be axin' permission iv Mary Ann ayther.' So phwin Mary Ann kim hoame, Oi gave her the tickut Oi'd been afther boyin' fer her, but niver a wurrd did Oi say about me own.

"Afther supper, phwin we was all sittin' in the parrlor (ixcipt Moike—he was gahn to a warrd matin'), Oi siz, 'Shure its moighty loansome loike wid nothin' doin'!' Oi siz: 'Phwoy doant yez git out the cyards and play a game iv euchre? Oi'd loike to be lukin' an,' Oi siz.

"'Yis', siz Mary Ann. 'Larry an' Oi, will tache Patsy an' Jahnny.'

"'Yis!' siz Oi to mesilf, 'an' ye'll tache yer ma too, all unbeknownst to ye.'

"So they got the cyards an' laid thim out.

"'Thim's the bow wows,' siz Larry, pintin' at some iv the pitcher cyards. 'An they'll take annyt'ing in the pack barrin' the joaker. An ye' gotter git t'ree thricks or ilse ye gits euchred.'

"'Phwat's euchred?' siz Johnny. 'It's

the same as bated,' siz Larry ; an he towld thim a lot more about Kings an Quanes an Aces an' thrumpets an' passes an' ardhers till me hid was in a whurrl. Thin they dilt the cyards an' began playin.' Shure it luked moighty aisy. All ye had to do was to say 'Oi ardher ut up,' or 'Oi pass,' or the loike iv that ; thin they'd aitch lay down a cyard, wan afther the other, till they was all gahn, an' the felly that had the joker was the wan that bated.

"'Huh!' siz Oi to mesilf, 'That's aisy enough,' an if it hadn't been fer givin' mesilf away Oi'd have tuk a hand mesilf.

"'Well, come a Chuseday, Mary Ann got drissed an' wint airly, fer she was goin' to cahl fer the Gilhooleys, and the minnut she was out iv the dure Oi trun mesilf into me bist duds, tuk the baby nixt dure, an' it wasn't tin minnuts befoor Oi was an me way to the parrthy. Phwin Oi got there Oi was that scared Oi was an the pint iv turnin' back, fer sich a crowd iv wimmun ye niver did see, but Oi t'ought iv the joak Oi mint to have an thim sassy Gilhooley gairrls, an Oi tuk a brace to mesilf an' wint in. A naygur showed me the room phwere they tuk ahf their coats (they all kipt their bunnits an),an' phwin Oi

kim out a gairrl give me a phwoite tickut wid a pink shtring in ut.

"'Phwat's this?' Oi siz.

"'It's your score cyard,' she siz, an' tills you the number iv yer table.'

"Shure enough, there it was, all printed out: 'Table No. 8.' So Oi squazed me way round the room ('twas that big hall where the Woman's Club mates, ye know) till Oi found a table wid 8 an ut and there was t'ree ladies a sittin' at ut. Oi sat down in the other chair an' siz Oi to mesilf, 'Phwat's the matter wid Bridget Casey? Oi'll show thim Oi'm no fool.' Oi saw Mary Ann an' the Gilhooleys up at the ind iv the hall, but they didn't see me, an' Oi hid mesilf as well as Oi cud behoind a fat lady that sat betwane us. Oi didn't want thim to see me yet.

"Afther a phwoile the tables was all filled up, and a bell rang, an' they comminced the ga-ame. The firrst t'ing they did was to ax me wud Oi cut, an' Oi had no more oidee pwhat it was they mint than annyt'ing. But Oi wasn't goin' to bethray me ignorince, so Oi siz, 'Ye'll have to ixcuse me, but Oi forgot to bring me scissors, so Oi'll lave some wan ilse do the cuttin', Oi siz. Thim t'ree wimmun looked at aitch other an' laughed a

bit, but the wan that sit apposite me was a rale lady, fer she just smoiled as swate at me as ye plaze, an' she siz, 'Oi'll cut fer ye,' an' she jist raiched out her hand an' lifted a few cyards ahf the tap iv the pack an' turrned thim oaver. Thin the lady to the lift iv me done the sa-ame, an' thin she tuk the cyards and dilt thim. She gave aitch iv us foive an' pit the rist an the table, Ye see Oi was lookin' wid all me oyes so Oi'd not be makin' anny mistakes. Thin they all sid, 'Oi pass,' and Oi sid the same, an' the lady that dilt tuk the cyard that was on top iv the pack an' pit down wan out iv her hand. Thin we aitch laid down a cyard. Mine was a pitcher wan. The lady furninst me (the swate smilin' wan) swiped thim in, an' they all luked at me. Oi throid to luk plissant an' knowin,' but divil a bit did Oi know phwat they was lukin' at, at ahl. At lasht the swate lady siz :

"'Ye tuk the thrick ; it's your lade.'

"''Twas you tuk ut,' Oi siz.

"'Oi'm yer pardner,' she siz. 'Oi tuk ut fer both iv us ;' she siz. 'Will ye plaze lade, Oi dinnaw?'

"'Manin' will Oi lay down a cyard?' Oi siz.

"'Certainly,' she siz.

"So Oi done ut.

"'Howld an there!' scrames wan iv the wimmun; 'ye rayniggerred!'

"'Yer a loiar!' Oi siz. 'Oi niver done sich a t'ing in me loife! Oi'm a daycint, rispictable wumman, so Oi am!'

"She was gittin' purrple in the face she was that mad, an' so was Oi ye may belave. But me pardner siz, awful soothin' loike, 'Niver moind, ye doan't oondershtand. Ye see ye played the wrong cyard. Ye shud have played that cyard an the first thrick instid iv the thrump.'

"'Shure Oi beg parrdon, mum, if Oi was a bit hasty,' Oi siz. 'Tis the furrst toime Oi iver was mixed up wid the loikes iv this, and if Oi git out iv it aloive it'll be me last. Go aisy wid me, ladies. Shure Oi'll do betther next toime.'

"Well, Oi got on all roight till Oi had to dale. An' oh, murrther, Mrs. Flanigan! Oi narely doid in the attimpt. 'Twas the furrst toime Oi had the shlippery little divils in me fisht, barrin' jist the foive at a toime, an' me hands shuk so Oi dhropped thim all oaver the flure ivery toime Oi throid to chuffle thim togither. Thin phwin Oi kim to dale

thim around Oi cudn't count thim roight to save me loife, and 'twas a turrible toime Oi had. The purrspirashin was roonin' down my fa-ace. Phwin Oi had thim dilt at last, 'Phwat's the thrump?" siz me pardner.

"'Ye can sarrch me!' Oi siz.

"'Turrn up the cyard, till we see!' siz she.

"'Oh, is it that ye mane?' Oi siz, an' Oi done ut.

"'Oi'll assist ye," she siz.

"'Thank ye koindly, lady,' Oi siz; 'Oi'm shure it's nadin' ut Oi am.'

"An' that same she did, for she towld me phwat to do and hilped me till Oi began to git me brith a bit aisier.

"Thin, all at wanst, a bill rang an' they all shtopped playin' till a lady kim around an' tuk the little phwoite tickuts an' squinched a hoale out iv thim wid a little t'ing loike the conducthers do be havin' an the sthrate cyarrs. She was goin' boy me widout seein' me, but Oi didn't intind to be missin' annyt'ing, so Oi give her moine an' she pit a noice nate little hole in ut. Thin the two ladies that had been sittin' aitch soide iv me got up an' wint to

the nixt table. Oi was goin' alahng too, but my pardner siz, 'Oh, no. You an' Oi shtay here; but Oi'm not your pardner nixt toime.'

"'Oh, it's sorry Oi am fer that,' Oi siz, an' Oi was that same too, fer the new wan was a sharp-faced wumman wid shpecks, an' she near tuk the hid ahf me, jist becase Oi laid down me joaker an her ace.

"'Shure, mum, Oi was takin' the thrick!' Oi siz.

"''Twas ours alriddy!' she scramed. 'What d'ye mane be wayshtin' thrumps loike that!' an' she was that mad that phwin the cyards was dilt nixt toime she siz, 'Oi'll play it aloane!' she siz. Well Oi was willin', fer Oi didn't want to be kilt intoirely. So she played widout me, and samed much plazed wid hersilf.

"'Oi made four,' she siz, and just thin a bill rang ag'in.

"'Doan't move till ye git yer poonch,' she siz to me.

"'Poonch, is ut! Indade an' Oi'll not. The t'oughts iv ut is most revoivin'. So Oi sat waitin' fer the poonch but sorra a bit was brought round our way. The lady kim around and pit another hole in me tickut

an' Oi sane me pardner walkin' ahf to the nixt table. Anither lady kim up to me an' siz, 'Ye belang to that table oaver there. Oi take this place now.'

"'Oi'm waitin' fer me poonch,' Oi siz.

"'Oh! didn't ye git anny?' she siz. 'Here! give me yer cyard!' an' she snatched ut out iv me hand and wint away wid ut. In a minnut she was back wid ut an' siz, 'That's all roight. Ye belang at table number sivin, now.'

"'Oh!' siz Oi to mesilf, 'it's there Oi'll git the poonch. Oi hope it's good an' sthrong, fer Oi'm gittin' a foine t'urrst on me.'

"But, if ye'll belave me, Mrs. Flanigan, Oi didn't git no poonch at ahl at ahl, though Oi waited fer ut at ivery table, an' they was always tillin' me to wait fer ut, an' showin' me tickut, but all Oi got was more hoales in the sa-ame, but niver a dhrap iv poonch, though me mouth was as dhry as a fither tick.

"At wan iv the tables me pardner passed me over the two cyards they kipt the score wid, an' siz, 'Will ye plaze kape the score?"

"Well, Oi hadn't been watchin' how 'twas done, but Oi t'ought Oi could larrn, so Oi

watched the other wumman that was kapin' the score fer the other soide an' phwiniver Oi sane her fix her score cyards Oi done moine the same, an Oi flatther mesilf 'twas all roight.

"Afther a phwoile Oi raiched the table phwere Mary Ann was, an' Rosy Gilhooley! An' 'twud have done ye good to have sane thim, Mrs. Flanigan! Faith, Oi shuk the table wid laughin' at Mary Ann. Her eyes were loike sassers. 'Twas spacheless she was intoirely wid surproise.

"'Whoy, Maw Casey!' she scrayched. 'Phwat in the na-ame iv sinse are ye doin' here?'

"'Shure Oi'm injyin' mesilf the same as you,' Oi siz. 'Have ye anny objictions?' Oi siz.

"Jist thin she caught soight iv me tickut that was hangin' to me bristpin.

"'Ye doant mane to say ye've bated all thim games!' siz she, 'an' you wid niver a cyard in yer hand befoor!'

"''Tis hoigh score she has as shure as ye're borrn!' siz Rosy. ''Tis a fool fer luck!'

"'Manin me,' Oi suppose,' Oi sez. 'Shure 'tis not all the fools that has the luck thin,'

fer her tickut hadn't half a dozen holes in ut.

" ' 'Twas a beginner Oi mint, Mrs. Casey,' she siz, turnin' rid.

" Be this toime Oi'd larrned quoite a bit iv the game, though 'twas be harrd knocks, fer the wimmen was virry narely tairin' me hair out wid rage beca'se Oi was playin' Kings fer Jacks or thrumpin' their aces or discyardin' the bist cyards in me hand, or the loike iv that, an' they had me that rattled beca'se Oi cudn't play faster that Oi didn't know phwither Oi was shtandin' an my hid or me hales.

" But Oi wasn't afraid iv Mary Ann. She was me pardner. So Oi played aisy loike, as if Oi'd been playin' ahl me loife. Oi hild ahl the pitcher cyards an' the joaker ivery toime, an' we tuk so manny thricks that Mary Ann was dancin' up an' down in her chair wid deloight.

" ' Maw, ye're all roight!' she siz. 'Ye're a pache!' she siz, an' Rosy Gilhooley was near crazy.

" Well, afther that they kim around an' tuk up the tickuts. Mary Ann wroate me name on moine.

" ' Now,' siz Oi to mesilf, ' 'tis the poonch

that's comin', shure.' But 'twas nothin' but cahfee, wid sandwiches an' oice crame. An' phwoilst we was aytin' ut a man got up an a chair an' towld ahl who had the proizes, an' phawt d'ye t'ink!

"'Mrs. Casey,' he siz, 'has hoigh score, and furrst proize!"

"Moy! but 'twas a proud day fer the Caseys. The ould man's not done talkin' iv ut yit, an' the b'ys howled till ye cud hear thim a block phwin Oi kim hoame wid ut.

"'Tis a foine silver butther dish, Mrs. Flanigan! Kim oaver an' ate ahf it tomorrer!"

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. CASEY AT THE WOMAN'S CLUB.

"PHWAT'S this Oi hear, Mrs. Casey? Shure Mary Ann tills me ye're afther j'inin' a cloob."

"Indade, Mrs. Flanigan, Oi am that," responded Mrs. Casey with complacency. "'Tis the fashin t' belahng to a cloob now-a-days."

"An' phwat loike is ut?"

"Shure 'tis fer the incurridgemint iv Litherachoor and Airrt, an' the name iv ut is the Minervy Cloob."

"Named afther Minervy Sullivan, Oi suppose."

"Minervy Sullivan, indade! Did ye niver hear iv Minervy, the Goddiss iv Wisdom? Moy! but ye're ignorint, Mrs. Flanigan! Shame till ye!" and Mrs. Casey looked down contemptuously upon her benighted neighbor from the heights of her newly-acquired knowledge.

"Faix, if Oi had the namin' iv annyt'ing,"

retorted the incensed Mrs. Flanigan, "Oi'd rather be namin' ut afther a daycint Christian gairrl th'n wan iv thim haythin throllops. Shure niver wan iv thim iver had cloas enough to pit an thim fer to go into rispictible sassoyty, an' sorra a t'ing did they iver do fer a livin' but sit an a cloud!"

"No more do the angels in Hiven, Mrs. Flanigan, barrin' playin' an hairrps now an' thin. But whist now, till Oi till ye about the cloob. Ye see Mrs. Gilhooley is the Prizzidint."

"An' phwat does she do?"

"She sits up an the platform an' cahls the matin' t' arrdher be rappin' an' the table wid a t'ing they cahls a gravul. Thin she tills the sickritirry (that's Mary Ann), to rade the minnuts. Thim do be the prosadins iv the last matin' which Mary Ann is afther wroitin' down in a book. Thin Mrs. Gilhooley siz, 'The minnuts bees approved,' and cahls fer the trizzurer to make a repoort."

"Who's the trizzurer?"

"Mrs. McGinty, that lives around the carrner furninst the saloon. She has a foine hid fer figgers. Phwin she has the repoort rid, soom wan gits a move an that it be adapted. 'Adapted it is,' siz Mrs. Gilhooley.

Thin there bees the repoorts iv the commy-tays; there's a lot iv thim. Mrs. Kelly (she's a gra-ate frind iv Mrs. Gilhooley's) is chairman iv the raycipshin commy-tay, an' it's illigint she is, an' Judy O'Connor is chairman iv the house commy-tay. She does be lookin' afther the hahl, an' the foornichoor, an' rowin' the janitor. ('Tis a naygur he is.) 'Tis Judy that kin do that to the quane's ta-aste. 'Twud warrum yer hairrt to hear her.

"Thin there bees the progum commy-tay. They names the pa-apers that's to be rid an' picks out the wans that's to wroite thim. Shure we had a foine wan last wake. 'Twas an the Rainysinse. 'Twas Biddy O'Toole wroate ut an' 'twas jist gra-and! Biddy was afther goin' to the loiberry ivery day fer a wake to rade the soyclipedies an' she knew ahl about the Rainysinse."

"An' phwat is ut?" asked Mrs. Flanigan.

"Doan't ye know phwat the Rainysinse is?"

"That Oi doan't, onliss it bees the koind iv sinse ye have to coom in phwin it rains. Bedad, Oi t'ink 'twud not hurrt Biddy O'Toole t' have a little iv that, tho' 'tis not in the soyclipedy she'll foind ut."

"'Tis you fer a joak, Mrs. Flanigan, but that's not the koind iv sinse this is, at ahl at ahl. It's—it's—phwoy—oh, phwat is ut now? Shure Oi know as aisy as aytin', but Oi havn't the flow iv langwudge t' ixpriss mesilf. It's—oh, begorra! it's some new koind iv a shtatute it is, that's ahl. The cloob does be givin' a cyard parrthy nixt wake to raise some money to boy pitchers fer the schools. Will ye be afther boyin' a tickut ahf me, Oi dinnaw?"

"That Oi'll not! Oi don't approave iv ut. Pitchers indade! Phwat nixt will they be wantin'? Shure, 'tis disthractin' enough they bees alriddy wid flowers in the windies an' the loike o' that. Me Mickey's that harrd wurrked wid mud maps an' dhrawin' an' huntin' boogs an' shtones that he hasn't had toime fer a shindy wid Pat Foley fer a wake, an' it's nadin' a batin' he is, that Foley b'y. Shure, Mrs. Casey dear, Oi do be fearin' nairrvis prosthra-ashin fer Mickey!" and Mrs. Flanigan sighed dolefully.

"Besoides, luk at the ixpinse," she went on. "Faix, but 'tis a waste to be puttin' good money into bran new pitchers phwin there do be plinty iv ould wans that moight be shpared. Oi have a foine wan mesilf iv

St. Pathrick dhroivin' the shnakes from ould Oirland. 'Tis hand painted ut is, be me cousin Mary O'Grady. There do be an illigint gowld frame an ut, barrin' wan iv the carrners is broake. 'Twas hung in the parrlor oaver the chimney till a year ago phwin me man tuk ut down. He sid he niver did be lukin' at ut widout t'inkin' 'twas the trimmins he had. Yez may have that fer the cloob, if ye loike."

"Indade, 'tis koind iv ye, Mrs. Flanigan, an' Oi'll name ut to the commy-tay. But ye naden't be throubled about the ixpinse. Shure pitchers is chape now. They bees a man down town that paints pitchers in a windy an Shtate sthrate; foine large illigint wans they arre, landshcapes an' sayshcapes. Ye can boy a shmall soized wan fer a quarrther an' a larrge wan fer fifty cints. If the cyarrd parrthy is a succiss we kin boy shlathers iv thim."

"So ye can: that's gra-and! And did ye iver shpake at the cloob yersilf, Mrs. Casey?"

"Niver but wanst; an' thin they didn't lave me shpake. Ye know that little impidint hizzy iv a Katie Murphy, doant ye? The sassy t'ing! She do be always jumpin'

up an' foindin' fault an' objictin' till she do ma-ake me that toired 'twud aise me sowl to shlap the oogly fa-ace iv her. Well, wan day Mary Ann had been radin' the minnuts, an' that little shpalpeen jumped up and sid there was somethin' wrang wid 'em. Oi forgit now phwat it was, but 'twas no sich a t'ing, an' Oi rose t' me fate an' sid that sa-ame.

"'Maddim Prizzidint! the mimber is out iv arrdher!' siz she. Oi knowed that was a loy, fer Mary Ann always does be lukin' me oaver befoor Oi go to the cloob, an' she does be that pertikler she laves me no rist. So Oi siz,

"''Tis yersilf that's out iv arrdher!' Oi siz.

"'Will the mimber plaze addriss the chair,' siz Mrs. Gilhooley. 'Phwich wan?' Oi siz, lukin' around to see if 'twas me own she mint. 'Oi mane, shpake to the chairman, manin' mesilf,' she siz. 'Virry well, mum!' Oi siz.' 'Tis yersilf kin see wid half an oye that Katie Murphy's hat is an crookut, an' there's a shmut an her noase, an' the braid iv her skurrt is thrailin' an the flure. 'Tis not fer the loikes iv her to be cahlin' a daycint wumman out iv arrdher,' Oi siz. 'That'll be ahl iv that!' siz Mrs. Gilhooley,

'Sit down!' siz Biddy O'Toole, who was sittin' furninst me, an' she gave me a jurrk into me chair that came near knockin' ivery toot' out iv me hid, so Oi had no more chanst to shpake me moind that day, but jist wait till Oi catch her! Oi'll aise me falin's! Out iv arrdher indade!"

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. CASEY ON BLOOMERS.

"SHPAKIN' iv Katie Murphy," said Mrs. Casey, as she rescued the teapot from small Nora, and vice versa, "Oi niver loiked that gairrl since she did be puttin' Mary Ann up to wearin' bloomers."

"Phwin was that?" asked Mrs. Flanigan, expectantly.

"Oh, a lahng toime ago. Mary Ann was oanly sixteen at the toime. Ye see phwin her paw ga-ave Mary Ann the boysickle Katie Murphy was the oanly gairrl round here that had wan, so she tuk t' goin' t' roide wid her. She alwa-ays did be wearin' a day-cint little sharrt skurrt, an' Oi niver.dhramed iv her wearin' annyt'ing ilse. Oi suppose her paw gave her the money t' boy thim pants. He was alwa-ays that aisy wid her. She knew betther than t' ax me fer thim. Oi know t'was Katie put her up to ut, an' thin towld her to kape ut from me, fer 'twasn't a

bit loike Mary Ann to be desayvin' me, an' besoides, Katie was alwa-ays shloy an' shneaky loike. She'd ax her maw fer money fer pencils an' pa-aper an' thim t'ings phwin she was goin' to school, an' shpind ut fer candy, an' she was alwa-ays chasin' the b'ys unbeknownst to her maw. Well, wan day Mary Ann wint ahf to roide wid her, an' she hadn't been lahng gahn phwin who shud coom in but me cousin Ellen fr'm N' Yarrk. She was jist after marryin' a rich plumber down there, Jim Mahoney be na-ame, an' they was an their widdin' toor. They invoited me to go wid thim fer a dhroive in the parrk, an' Oi wint. 'Twas an illigint da-ay. The parrk was full iv carriages an' boysickles, an' that ma-ade me t'ink iv Mary Ann, an' Oi was jist tillin' thim about her new phweel an' how foine she cud roide, phwin ahl at wanst, Patsy, who was sittin' an the front sate wid Misther Mahoney, yells out,

"'There she is, Maw! Luk at her!'

"'Phwere?' Oi siz; fer Oi didn't see annywan coomin' but two b'ys.

"'There! That's thim!' siz Patsy, a-p'intin' at thim sa-ame b'ys.

"Oi luked ag'in, an' cud scarce belave

me oyes. Thim *b'ys* was Katie Murphy an' me Mary Ann, an' they had an jockey caps an' *pa-ants!*

"Oi trun up me two hands an' Oi ga-ave wan scraych.

"'*Pa-ants!*' Oi siz. 'Aw! wirra! wirra! that iver Oi shud live to see this da-ay!' An' they tuk me hoame in voilint hoystir-ricks.

"Oi was siffishintly raykivered howiver, t' be layin' fer Mary Ann phwin she kim hoame. She had an the daycint skurrt she woare phwin she wint out, an' Oi shwear t' ye Mrs. Flanigan, she luked that make an' innicint, ye'd have t'ought she niver sit oyes an a pair iv pa-ants in her loife. But Oi wasn't to be desayved.

"'Phwere be thim pa-ants!' Oi siz.

"'Phwat pa-ants, Maw?' siz she.

"'Thim ondaycint gairmints that Oi sane ye makin' a shpectikil iv yersilf wid in the parrk this da-ay in broad da-ayloight!' Oi siz. 'Have ye no sha-ame?' Oi siz, 'that ye do be disgra-acin' yersilf an' the mother that brought ye up daycint an' rispictible? *Phwere be thim pa-ants?*'

"'They're not pa-ants, Maw. They're knicky-bockies', siz she.

"'May be they be knicky-bockies an the loikes iv you, but it's pa-ants they'll be an yer brother Patsy, begorra! Phwere be they?' Oi siz ag'in.

"'Oi lift thim at Katie's'.

"'Go fitch thim!' Oi siz.

"An' she wint. Wid a bit iv conthroivin' they made two pairs fer Patsy. He was shmall thin."

"That remoinds me," said Mrs. Flanigan, "the youngest Murphy b'y do be ixpilled fr'm school ag'in."

"Is that so?"

"Yis. Ye know if ye do be ixpilled t'ree toimes ye git sispindid, an' thin ye can't go back."

"Phwat did he do?"

"Oi dinnaw, at ahl. Thim b'ys bees shlow in school Oi'm towld. 'Twas Mrs. Murphy hersilf was tellin' me they larrned the jogifry ahl roight, but they cudn't larrn Spearses." ("Spearses" being Mr. Spears' excellent text-book on elementary mathematics.) "Did ye hear that the little Dugans bees down wid scarlit faver?"

"No! An' thim wid no mother, poor t'ings!" exclaimed Mrs. Casey.

"An' their own a'nt, that we alwa-ays

t'ought was sich a gra-and, koind wumman, she won't coom near thim!"

"The ould hin! Who's carin' fer thim thin?"

"Mrs. O'Shea, no liss!"

"*Mrs. O'Shea!* Well, wudn't that boomp ye?"

"She's been there day an' noight since they was furrst tuk down, an' poor Dugan siz an oahn mother cudn't be tinderer. They're gittin' an foine now, but they was awful bad wan whoile."

"Mrs. O'Shea! Well, well!" Mrs. Casey was silent for a moment, and her face grew thoughtful. Then she said slowly,

"Betwane the goodniss iv the bad payple an' the badniss iv the good wans, Oi'm glad it's not mesilf that'll be havin' to divoide the sha-ape fr'm the goats!"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BEAUTY DOCTOR.

As Mrs. Flanigan, with neighborly familiarity, ascended the back steps of the Casey house one morning, the door opened softly and Mrs. Casey emerged with a mysterious burden gathered in her apron. Meeting her old crony thus, face to face, she stopped suddenly, with a guilty look on her usually honest countenance.

"Phwat have ye there, Mrs. Casey?" asked Mrs. Flanigan, with curiosity.

"Jist some impty bahtles Oi'm t'rowin' in the ash barr'l," returned Mrs. Casey.

"Shure they doan't be lukin' virry impty," observed Mrs. Flanigan, catching sight of a large bottle with a showy label, which protruded from one side of Mrs. Casey's apron, and from which but little of the original contents had been taken.

Mrs. Casey hastily snatched at the apron to cover the telltale bottle. The act, how-

ever, only precipitated disaster. The garment being old and thin, the strain of the sudden pull upon it caused it to part in the middle, and a shower of gay bottles and boxes descended upon the steps; some breaking, others falling open and enveloping Mrs. Flanigan, who stood below, in a cloud of powder and rank odors.

For a moment Mrs. Casey was overcome with humiliation. Then, seeing the look of amazed bewilderment on Mrs. Flanigan's face as she stood bespattered and bepowdered from head to foot, she dropped with a thud upon the top step, and began to shriek with laughter, rocking back and forth and waving her hands wildly about, in an abandon of mirth.

Mrs. Flanigan, more amazed than ever, stooped to pick up some of the scattered glassware.

"Madame de Boezi's unrivalled Freckle Lotion" greeted her eyes from the large bottle which she had first seen. "Madame de Boezi's Matchless Marguerite Balm," "Madame de Boezi's Cucumber Milk for the Skin and Complexion," "Madame de Boezi's Magnolia Skin Food," "Madame de Boezi's Poudre de Violettes," and many more similar

preparations declared themselves as the contents of the various receptacles.

"Who in the wurrld is the Boozy wumman? An' phwat arre ye doin' wid ahl her thruck?" demanded Mrs. Flanigan.

"Shure me sins has found me out," said Mrs. Casey, wiping her eyes on the corner of the torn apron. "Gwan in the house an' clane yersilf, Mrs. Flanigan. Ye do be a soight! Phwin Oi have the shtuff shwipt up Oi'll coom in an' till ye ahl about ut."

Half an hour later, Mrs. Flanigan having removed from her person most of the traces of the baptism of cosmetics, and having been refreshed with a "sup o' cahfee" from the pot which generally stood at the back of the kitchen stove from one meal to the next, the two sat cosily in front of the stove, with their feet upon the hearth and their chairs tipped back at a conversational angle, while Mrs. Casey gave voice to the promised explanation.

"Shure Oi wasn't manin' to be tillin' ye about yander foolishniss," jerking her thumb in the direction of the ash barrel, "but seein' ye're afther foindin' me rid handed loike, Oi'll have to be givin' ye the whole tale o' woe.

"'Twas about t'ree wakes ago it was, Mary Ann kim in from goin' out wid the Gilhooleys, an' she siz, 'There's to be a litcher at the Wumman's Cloob hahl t'morrer afthernoon, be the fa-amiss beauty docther, Maddim Beau-aisy from N' Yarrk, and she do be afther givin' Mrs. Gilhooley some tickuts to dishthribit wid her frinds. She gave me two, an' you an' me'll be goin', Maw,' she siz. 'Twill be gra-ate fun,' she siz.

"'Phwat's a beauty docther?' Oi siz.

"''Tis a docther that taches ye how to be be-ewtiffle,' she siz.

"'Faix,' Oi siz, '*ye're* good lukin' enough now t' kape me busy wid cha-asin' the b'ys away,' Oi siz, 'an' 'tis no docther that kin ma-ake anny beauty out iv this oogly moog,' Oi siz.

"Himsilf was hoame, and he siz, 'Phwat's that? Niver sa-ay doy, Biddy,' he siz. ''Twas yersilf was the bist luker iv County Corrk phwin Oi brought ye oaver here t' this land iv the grafther an' hoame iv the affis howldher,' he siz, 'an' ye have the sa-ame faytures an ye that ye had thin, oanly a little moare to thim. Ye can bate anny iv the gairrls now, phwin ye git an yer glad rags.

Take her alahng to the beauty docther, Mary Ann,' he siz, 'an' have her fixed up as foine as Lilly Langthry or anny iv thim shwells,' he siz, 'an' sind the bill t' me. Oi loike t' see moy wimmun aquil t' anny iv thim,' he siz, 'an' Oi'm willin' to pay fer ut,' siz he.

"So we wint to the litcher, and ye'd be surproised, Mrs. Flanigan, t' see the crowd that was there. The pla-ace was jammed, an' if we hadn't a wint airly we'd niver have had a sate at ahl at ahl. An' sich a lot av hidjis ould faymales Oi niver laid me two oyes an befoor.

"'Hivins!' siz Oi to Mary Ann. 'There's no humin docther, man or wumman, that kin ma-ake beauties out iv some iv thim cray-thers! 'Tis oanly the Lord A'moighty cud be doin' ut, an' He'd have to trun away the whoale batch an' begin oaver ag'in,' Oi siz.

"There was some good lukin' wans, iv coorse, if ye'd pick thim out here an' there, but moastly they wud shtop anny clock that iver Oi see, an' they was that sad lukin' an' mournful loike, as if they niver had shmoiled in their loives. Oi cudn't hilp talin' sorry fer thim.

"The windy sha-ades was ahl pulled down,

an' jist a few gas loights was loighted, and an the stage was some lamps wid pink shades. Afther a phwoile Maddim Beau-aisy kim out from behoind the curtain at the back iv the sta-age an' walked up t' the front an' ma-ade a bow. She was a big, tall, good lukin' wumman, wid a threeminjis punkydore iv yally hair an' she had an a t'in black driss kivered ahl oaver wid shoiny t'ings that luked loike the scales an a fish, oanly moare glist'nin'. She had a koind iv fishy way iv squirmin' around phwin she moved that ra-aly made ye fale that she'd be shlippery loike if ye tuk a holt iv her. Her arrums an' her nick was bare, barrin' some sthrings iv doimins. Mary Ann sid they did be too big to be ra-ale, but they was moighty broight.

"She had big black oyes that she did be rowlin' at ye phwin she talked, an' foine phwoite tathe that she loiked t' be showin'.

"The wimmun ahl oaver the hahl began to phwisper phwin she ca-ame out:

"'Ain't she luvely!' 'Ain't she a *de-carr!*' 'Ain't she jist too shwate fer annyt'ing!' an' the loike iv that, an' they ahl clapped their hands.

"She bowed ag'in an' shmoiled, an' thin she began to talk. Oi cudn't be tillin' ye

the quarther iv what she sid, but the wimmun ahl listened as if they niver did be hearin' annyt'ing so intheristin' befoor, an' soom iv thim had noate books an' tuk down a lot iv ut.

"'Tis the jooty av ivery wumman,' she siz, 't' be be-ewtiffle. An' now that Airrt an' Soyince has coom to the assistince iv Na-acher an' ma-ade it aisy to corrict her mista-akes, 'tis possible fer ivery wumman to be as be-ewtiffle as she desoires t' be, if oanly she do be willin' to take a bit iv pains wid hersilf. An oogly wumman,' she siz, 'is an affinse to the oye,' she siz, a-shwapin' thim black oyes iv hers oaver the ahjince.

"'There do be plinty iv affinsis prisint,' siz Mary Ann.

"'Roight ye arre!' siz Oi.

"'An affinse to the oye!' siz the Maddim, 'an' a nadeliss wan. Oh, Wumman!' she siz, lanin' oaver an' rachin' out her arrums, 'wud ye not rather be be-ewtiffle than oogly?'

"'Shure!' Oi siz, fer she was lukin' sthraight at me, an' Oi t'ought 'twas oanly civil t' be answerin' her.

"'Luk at me!' she siz. 'Shure there's niver the wumman in this hahl as oogly as

Oi was befoor Oi larrned the Airrt iv Beauty,' she siz.

"'Faith ye must have been a froight!' Oi siz.

"'Oi was hidjis!' she siz. 'Oi was shtoop shouldhered an' Oi had a hoigh shtummick an me, an' Oi was frickled an' squint-oyed an' yally-skinned an' shnub-noased an' wake-oyed an' bald-hidded wid bad tathe an' a bad brith an' rid hands an' an awkwid ga-ait an' pimples an' black hids an' the divil knows phwat,' she siz.

"Larrd hilp ye!' siz Oi.

"'Me hilth was miserible, an' Oi was timpted to ta-ake me loife, phwin Oi mit a fa-amis Frinch Spishilist an' he siz t' me, 'Me poor choild,' siz he, 'Coom t' me an' Oi will ma-ake ye a quane iv beauty,' siz he. 'Behowld his wurrk!' she siz, a shpreadin' her arrums woide an' t'rowin' back her hid, an' rowlin' her oyes. 'Can anny iv yez foind fault wid me figger, me complickshin, me hairr, me faytures, or anny t'ing about me?' siz she.

"'Now,' siz she, 'there's not wan iv yez but kin be as be-ewtiffle as me if ye want t' be.'"

"Bedad, she had a foine consate iv hersilf!" interjected Mrs. Flanigan.

"She did that sa-ame; Oi'll not denoy ut. But there was some ixcuse fer her phwin she luked at that ahjince. Be cahnthrast she was Vaynus hersilf.

"'Aw, me poor sufferin' sisthers!' she siz. 'Coom to me! Pit yersilves in moy hands, an' lave me tache yez to be be-ewtiffle! Arre ye too fat? Oi'll show ye the ixercoises an' the doyut that'll be rayjoocin ye tin pounds a wake, pervoidin' ye take two bahtles iv me silliba-ated Anti Obaseniss, at two dallers the bahtle? Have yez a bad complickshin? Me complate complickshin outfit at foive dallers the fit, 'll give ye a shkin loike a suckin' ba-abe's. Arre ye baldhidded? Me perfict hair risthorer 'll grow hair an anny t'ing that's livin'. Oanly wan daller the bahtle! Arre ye wrinkled? Lave me give ye a fa-ashill missarge wid me fa-amiss shkin food, oanly two dallers the box,' she siz. 'Me wurrld renowned systim iv physikil coolcher 'll give ye a perfict figger an' a foine kerridge, an' ye'll be a-able to win the luv iv the man who won't luk at ye now, an' kape the luv iv the husbind that's comparin' ye wid some younger an' handsimer wumman.'

"Afther some moare talk loike that she wint out and drissed up in a lahng phwoite

gown loike the wans they pit an the shtatutes, an' a gairrl played a chune an the pianny, phwoile Maddim Beau-aisy dhraped hersilf around the platform in a lot iv differint posishins, kapin' toime to the music. 'Twas moighty purty. Phwin the show was oaver she ga-ave notuss that she had tuk some rooms an Wabish Av'ner an' she wud be plazed to see anny la-adies that was intheristed, an' she wudn't charrge annyt'ing fer advoice."

"An' ye wint there?" asked Mrs. Flanigan, with interest.

Mrs. Casey laughed sheepishly.

"Ye didn't be knowin' 'twas sich an ould fool Oi was, did ye? Shure Oi didn't mesilf. Oi didn't t'ink Oi'd be goin' at ahl at ahl, an' Oi towld Mary Ann that sa-ame. But phwin Oi was tillin' Moike iv ut, he samed dishap'inted that Oi had nothin' done to ma-ake me luk foine an' stoylish, an' Oi got to t'inkin' iv ut wan day, an' Oi siz to mesilf, 'Twill do no harrum to go an' see phwat she'll be sayin' to me. Moike's a good shtiddy man, an' Oi've sane no soigns iv his comparin' me wid anny younger an' handsimer wumman, as the Maddim was afther shpakin' av, but begorra, there's no tellin'.

Oi'm gettin' ould an' fat, an' beloike 'tis not aisy fer him to raymimber that Oi was good lukin' wanst. Perhaps the Maddim kin fix me up a bit. Oi'll go see.'

"So Oi wint. Oi sid nothin' to Moike or Mary Ann or anny wan, but jist wint be mesilf.

"Oi had to wait a phwoile till some other wimmun was fixed up, but at last she axed me into a little room ahl be mesilf. She was drissed in a phwoite shurrt waist, an' a gray skurrt that fitted her loike the pa-aper an the wahl, an' she siz to me, awful perloite,

"'Phwat kin Oi be doin' fer ye, Maddim?'

"'Shure, phwat kin ye do t' make me a beauty, mum?' Oi siz. 'Oi'm quoite willin' t' be wan, if ye'll ta-ake the job,' Oi siz. 'Oi wud be wishin' t' be done in furrst class shtoyle,' Oi siz, 'an' me man—Aldherman Casey he is—is willin' to pay fer ut,' Oi siz.

"Well, she cudn't shpake at furrst, she was tuk wid sich a fit iv cahfin'. Oi t'ought she'd choak to dith, an' Oi was afther shlappin' her an the back roight harrd befoor she coom out iv ut, but at last she siz,

"'Twill take a dale iv pashince an' harrd wurrk from you as well as me,' she siz, 'but Oi suppose ye're prepared fer that,' she siz.

"'Oi've done plinty iv harrd wurrk ahl me loife,' Oi siz, 'an' had a plinty iv chanst t' larrn pa-ashince. Oi'll throy t' be pa-ashint wid ye,' Oi siz.

"She had another fit iv cahfin'—'twas a terrible cahf she had—Oi advoised her t' pit some larrd an her chist phwin she'd be goin' to bid, but she laughed an' sid 'twas nothin', though Oi'd be schared iv ut if 'twas me.

"'Iv coorse ye'd be loikin' to begin wid the fa-ashil missarge,' siz she. So Oi tuk ahf me bunnit an' she toyed a tow'l round me nick an' grased her hands an' tuk me fa-ace an' gave ut the wurrst dhrubbin' ye iver heard till iv. She rubbed ut up an' down, an' forward an' back, an' crassways, an' round an' round, an' t'roo an' t'roo, an' pinched ut an shlapped ut an' pulled ut, till Oi was riddy t' howl fer maircy.

"'The Saints presairve us!' Oi siz. 'Lave a little shkin t' me!'" Oi siz.

"'Tis smoothin' the wrinkles out, Oi am,' she siz. 'If ye coom t'ree toimes a wake fer thratemint, we'll have a foine smooth shkin an ye in a few wakes,' she siz. 'Thin, ivery noight, ye must wash yer fa-ace in hot wather an' soap—use only me antiskeptic shkin an' complickshin soap—an rinse yer fa-ace in six

wathers, furrst hot an' thin cowld an' roob in me fa-amiss Magnolia Shkin Food,' she siz. 'Thin in the marnin' ye must wash yer fa-ace in cowld wather an' rub it an' the tow'l an' thin rub in a bit iv me Matchliss Maggeroot Ba'm, an' thin dust an a little iv me Vilvut fa-ace powdher an' a s'pishin iv rooge.'

"'Howld an!' Oi siz. 'Is ut paint ye mane?' Oi siz. 'D'ye t'ink Bridget Casey'd be goin' around wid paint an?' Oi siz. 'Niver a bit iv ut!' Oi siz. 'Oi'm a daycint wumman!' Oi siz.

"'Oh, iv coorse!' she siz. 'Ye doan't nade ut annyhow,' she siz. 'Ye have a foine color, but ye have a few shmall frickils, Oi see. We kin aisy take thim ahf. Ahl ye have t' do is to dab yer fa-ace t'ree or foor toimes a da-ay wid me unroivilled frickil loshin, an' always rub an soom o' the Ba'm an' soom powdher phwin ye do be goin' out,' she siz. 'Thin ye'll nade soom iv me cucoomber millik to whoiten yer shkin.'

"'An' phwin wud Oi be puttin' that an?' Oi siz.

"'Foor or foive toimes a da-ay,' she siz. 'Thin ye're too fat!' she siz. 'Ye'll nade t' be rayjooced,' she siz. 'Take a do-ase iv me Anti-Obaseniss befoor aich male, an' phwin

ye coom ag'in Oi'll tache ye some ixercoises. Coom a'gin an a Froiday, at t'ree o'clock,' siz she ; an' she gave me a bundle iv bahtles t' fitch away wid me, an' Oi kim hoame.

"Well 'twas near wearin' me out to raymimber the t'ings Oi had to do, but Oi t'ought t'mesilf,' 'Tis oanly fer a few wakes, till the job's done an' thin Oi kin lave thim ahl aff ag'in.' An a Froiday Oi wint ag'in, an' she ga-ave me fa-ace another dhrubbin.'

"'Ye're doin' well,' she siz. 'Yer shkin's much safter an' phwoiter than it was. Kape an in the good wurrk,' she siz. 'Now,' she siz, 'ye must have yer hid shampood,' an' she turrned me oaver to another wumman who washed me wig an' dhroyed ut an' done ut up foine. Thin another wan tuk me an' claned me finger nails and shoined thim till ye cud see yer fa-ace in thim. Thin she roobed me hands wid wan koind iv shtuff t' make thim phwoite an' another koind iv shtuff t' made thim saft, an' the ould b'y knows phwat she didn't do t' me. But the wurrst was the ixercoises. The Maddim hersilf showed me thim.

"'Ye must shtand betther,' she siz. 'Howld yer chist up!' she siz. 'An' yer chin out, an' yer shouldhers back, an' yer

ab*doo*min in, an doan't walk an yer hales but an the bahls iv yer fate,' she siz, an' she hit me a poonch here an' a poake there an' pulled me around till ivery jint in me cracked. 'Now raise yer arrums as hoigh as ye can, an' bind oaver an' touch the flure widout bindin' yer knays,' an' she showed me how.

"Oi throyed ut, but it near bruk me back, an' Oi cudn't rache widin a fut iv the flure.

"'Ye'll have t' kape throyin' till ye do ut,' she siz. Thin she had me shwingin' me arrums an' me fate loike a windmill an' braithin' loike a harrse wid the azmy an' roisin' an me toes an' down ag'in.

"'Doan't coom down an' yer hales as if ye were breakin' shtone,' she siz, phwin Oi was doin' the toe act. 'Coom down so ye wudn't break an egg if 'twas undher ye!' May be ye t'ink that's aisy, Mrs. Flanigan! Jist throy ut wanst!

"Well, phwin Oi got t'roo Oi was toirder than if Oi'd done t'ree washin's in wan da-ay, an' Oi a-ached ahl oaver. 'Do the ixercoises fer half an hour ivery noight an marrnin,' she siz. 'An' ye must walk foive moiles ivery da-ay, an' ta-ake a cowld bat' ivery marrnin' an' a hot wan at avenin' an' ate no praties or millik or shwates or tay or cahfee

or wather or fat mate or butther or the loike iv thim at yer males.'"

"Gra-ate da-ay!" ejaculated Mrs. Flanigan with horror. "Phwat ilse is there t' ate? 'Tis shta-arvin' ye'd be!"

"Shure! That's phwat it samed t' me at furrst till Oi t'ought, 'Aw well, Oi'll ma-ke up fer ut be a boite an' a sup betwane males. There'd be no harrum in that Oi'm t'inkin'.'

"Well, Oi wint hoame an' throid to folly the rools she did be givin' me an' Oi said nothin' t' anny wan. Oi t'ought Oi'd wait till the t'ings began to ta-ake, an' thin they'd be noticin' the improovemint, an' Moike wudn't moind the soize iv the bill.

"That nixt wake was the harrdest Oi iver pit in in me loife, an' yistherda-ay marrnin' Oi heard Mary Ann talkin' to her Paw phwin they didn't know Oi was near thim.

"'Oi doan't know phwat's coom oaver Maw,' she siz. 'She's as crass as two shticks!' she siz. 'She shnaps me up ivery toime Oi shpake to her, an' she gives Mickey an' Jahnny a batin' ivery da-ay, an' she doan't ate anny t'ing, an' Oi've not heard her sing or laugh fer a wake, an' she does be lukin' so worrited an' pa-ale. She does be

gettin' up airly in the marrnin' an' goin' in the shtore room,' siz she. ('Twas there Oi did be goin' to do the gymnasties, so they wudn't be catchin' me at ut.) 'An' yisther-da-ay marrnin,' siz she, 'Oi heard somethin' fa-ahl, an' Oi wint in there, an' she was sittin' in the middle iv the flure lukin' so quare an' funny.' "

Mrs. Casey stopped to laugh at the recollection.

"Ye see Oi was afther shtandin' an wan fut loike a shtorrk, an' ma-akin' sorcles in the airr wid the other wan, an' Oi lost me balince an' sat down. It did be ma-akin' a froightful n'ise, Oi bein' no fitherweight, an' Mary Ann roon in wid sich a shcared fa-ace, an' she siz :

"'Phwat iver's the matther wid ye, Maw?'

"'Gwan out iv this!' Oi siz. 'Can't ye lave me have a bit iv quoit to sit an the flure iv a marrnin' if Oi loike?' Oi siz. 'Go cha-ase yersilf!' an' she wint.

"Well, afther Oi heard thim talkin' iv ut loike that, Oi wint down to see the Maddim, an' Oi siz to her, siz Oi,

"'How much lahnger will it ta-ake to git t'roo wid this job?' Oi siz. 'Me fam'ly's beginnin' t' kick,' Oi siz, 'an' if Oi'm not

done soon there'll be nothin' lift iv thim or me,' Oi siz.

"'Aw! ye musn't be diskirridged,' she siz. 'Ye've jist ta-aken the furrst shteps an' there's a lot moare Oi haven't begun to minshin yit. Fer instince,' she siz, 'Yer noase it not quoite the roight sha-ape t' be sthrictly be-ewtiffle. Wid a simple little opera-ashin, which woan't be virry ixpinsive, we kin ma-ake it pure Grake. Thin yer mouth is too woide. It nades a bit iv takin' in at the carrners. Ye have a few hairrs an yer upper lip that we'll have to raymove wid an elicthrick nadle. Thin ye'd be much improoved boy a dimple in yer cha-ake or yer chin. That's virry aisy,' siz she. 'Thin there's a lot moare ixercoises that ye must larrn, an' ye'll have to kape up the thratemints a lahng phwoile yit if ye want a good job. Iv coorse afther Oi git t'roo wid ye, ye ll have to kape an be yersilf, or ilse ye'll be as bad ahf as iver, but Aldherman Casey 'll be that proud iv ye in a year fr'm now, ye'll be paid fer ahl yer throuble. Ye woan't know yersilf, she siz.

"'A year!' Oi siz. 'Howly shmo-oke! D'ye mane that Oi'll have to be doin' ahl these bedivilmints fer a year?' Oi siz.

"'Sairtinly,' siz she. 'Not oanly that,

but as lahng as ye live,' she siz. 'Atarnil villagince is the proice iv beauty', she siz. 'Ye must always kape an hand a full soopply iv me unaquilled pripera-ashins,' she siz. 'Oi ma-ake spishil rayduckshins to thim as ta-akes a coorse iv thratemints wid me. Ye'll niver be able to do widout thim, an' ye must use thim faithfully, fer no la-azy wumman kin be be-ewtiffle,' siz she.

"'La-azy!' Oi scramed. 'D'ye cahl Bridget Casey la-azy, that does be doin' ahl the cookin' an' schrubbin' an' washin' an' oirnin' an' mindin' fer a fam'ly iv eight?' Oi siz, near bustin' wid ra-age. 'Shure Oi want no moare iv yer thratemints or yer pripera-ashins,' Oi siz. 'Oi do be afther gittin' up in the middle iv the noight to ma-ake a rubber wumman an'a circus actorbat iv mesilf, an' Oi've soaked mesilf in wather till it's loike a soggy pratie Oi am! Oi've roobed the shkin ahf me fa-ace an' hands an' cha-alked mesilf til Oi luk loike a plaster image, an' Oi've walked the shoes ahf me fate, an' have a pain at the pit iv me shtummick this minnut fr'm shta-arvin! Oi've done ahl the other fool t'ings ye towld me to do, an' Oi've wurrked loike a gallery shlave to do ut, an' ye have the fa-ace to cahl me la-azy!

Oi t'ought Oi cud go t'roo ut if 'twas fer a sharrt toime, but if ut manes that Oi'll be havin' t' niglickt me fam'ly an' be givin' mesilf, body an' sowl, to t'inkin' iv nothin' but me luks fer the rist iv me da-ays, Oi'll quit now, befoor Oi have t' be tuk t' the loo-*nat*-ic assoylum!' Oi siz. 'As fer me noase an' me mug,' Oi siz, 'the Lord A'moighty ma-ade thim afther a good Oirish patthern,' Oi siz, 'an' Oi'll be contint t' wear thim till He ma-akes me some betther wans!' Oi siz. 'Oi'm goin' sthraight hoame,' Oi siz, 'an' cook me a good dinner iv porrk an' cabbage an' praties, an' ate ut an' inj'y mesilf, aivin if Oi do be gittin' that fat Oi have to be t'run into bid wid a derrick!' Oi siz.

"Oi wudn't tell Moike, so Oi paid the bill mesilf, tho' Oi'll be goin' widout the new driss Oi've been savin' up fer. Oi doan't doubt there's some iv thim t'ings that's ahl roight fer thim as has nothin' ilse to do but to luk purrty, but as fer mesilf, Oi've no toime fer anny beauty thricks but to kape mesilf daycintly clane an' healt'y an' good na-atured!"

CHAPTER XIV.

MARY ANN'S LOVERS.

MRS. CASEY'S good-humored countenance was radiant with suppressed excitement as she burst in upon Mrs. Flanigan one morning, before the latter had finished her breakfast dishes.

"Phwat's doin'?" asked Mrs. Flanigan at once, knowing from her friend's face that she bore pleasant news.

"The dishes, jist now! gi' me a tow'l! Oi lift Jahnny an' Patsy a doin' moine phwoile Oi do be goin' t' markit. Bein' Sathurday they're hoame;" and casting aside her shawl, she threw herself upon the task of dish wiping with vigor.

"Have ye seen the Donovans lately?" she asked.

"Not fer a-ages. Phwat's happened to thim?"

"Thin ye've not heard about Tom an' Mary Ann?"

Mary Ann.

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Mrs. Alderman Casey.

"Not since ye towld me yersilf that she had trun him down," said Mrs. Flanigan.

"Yis. Oi raymimber. Iv coorse Tom quit coomin' to the house, an' 'twas manny a da-ay befoor Oi met him. But wan da-ay Oi wint to take a can iv broth to a poor ould widdy wumman that was doyin' iv consoompshin in that little shanty in Crogan's Alley (she's gahn since, may the Hivins be her bid!). As Oi had me hand t' the dure, who shud coom out but Tom Donovan. Oi was that startid Oi coom near dhrappin' me baskit, but he caught ut from me, an' siz,

"'Phwat have ye there, Mother Casey?' ('twas the na-ame he'd larrned to cahl me.) 'Soomthin' good fer the ould la-ady, Oi'll go bail. Shure 'tis koind iv ye. Go in an see her. 'Tis a wumman's hand she nades.'

"Oi found the poor craythur sittin' oaver the foire in her bit iv a shtove, an' she was glad t' see me. But whoile she was aytin' the broth she cud talk iv nothin' but Misther Donovan; how good he'd been to her, an' how he'd niver lave the day go boy widout shtoppin' to shpake the cheerin' wurrd to her.

"'An' 'tis himsilf that brings in me shcut-

tle iv coals, an' me bit iv wood iv a marrnin',' siz she, 'an' minds the foire fer me, an' sinds the grocer b'y wid me boite fr'm the shtore, an' manny's the toime there'd be no coal or wood t' burn, or boite t' ate, if 't weren't fer him. God bliss him! The neighbors bees koind, but they've throubles iv their oahn, an' they can't alwa-ays be raymimb'rin' a poor lone body loike me; but Misther Donovan niver fergits me, an' Oi'm not the oanly wan that has cause t' bliss the da-ay he was put an this bate.'

"Phwin Oi ca-ame awa-ay, Oi found Tom waitin' fer me at the carrner, an' he walked up the block wid me. I towld him how Oi'd been grievin' fer him, an' he siz:

"'Doan't worry about me, Mrs. Casey,' he siz, 'Oi'll coom t'rough ahl roight. Jist give me a little toime. Oi'll not denoy 'twas a knock down blow, but Oi know Oi'm not the man fer Mary Ann, God bliss her! There's *no* man good enough fer her, an' that's the troot',' siz he.

"'Gwan!' Oi siz. 'Mary Ann's a good gairrl—betther than moast; but she's noane too good fer a good man, an' 'tis Tom Donovan is that sa-ame!' siz Oi.

"'T'ank ye, Mrs. Casey,' he siz. 'Oi

know me limmuts. Oi'd lay down an' lave Mary Ann walk an me if 't wud plaze her, but Oi cudn't shoine in sassoyty t' sa-ave her swate loife. May be if Oi'd had a chanst in me young da-ays——'

"'Yer *young* da-ays!' siz Oi, 'anny wan wud t'ink ye was Metoosilum, t' hear ye goin' an, an' you not twinty-sivin yet!' siz Oi.

"He laughed, an' siz, "Ye see Oi've lived a good bit fer me years, an' Oi fale ould jist now;' an' a koind iv sad, toired luk coom oaver his fa-ace. 'Phwin Mary Ann an' me was goin' t' school togither,' he siz, 'Oi hoped Oi'd be able t' go t'rough Hoigh School too, an' Oi aiven had a poipe dhrame iv goin' t' college soom da-ay. Oi was foive years oldher than Mary Ann,' he siz, 'but we was in the sa-ame class, she was that broight an' quick, an' Oi was so slow an' dull. But Oi cud have caught up wid soom iv the swifter wans if Oi'd had more toime. But me father died, ye raymimber, an' Oi had to lave school to make a livin' fer me mother an' the two gairrls. 'Twas thin Oi got the job in the livery shtable. Oi stayed there till Oi was pit an the foorce. Oi've larrned a few t'ings yez won't foind

in books, but it's shmall chanst fer study Oi have. Be the sa-ame to-aken Oi fale the lack iv ut more than soom that's not knowin' phwat they're missin'. Oi got jist enough to fale the differince betwane me an' Mary Ann's frinds, an' 'tis that ma-akes me awkwid wid thim, aiven more than Oi am be na-acher, an' that's bad enough. Maybe, if Mary Ann had been willin' t' take the throuble wid me, Oi moight have improved in toime,' siz he. 'Oi doan't sa-ay Oi'd iver be able t' quote po-thry, or lade a cotilyin, but be harrd wurrk Oi moight larrn t' ate wid a farrk an' have soomthin' t' sa-ay about phwat's goin' an in the wurrld outsoide iv me oahn bate,' siz he.

"Jist as he was lavin' me he siz:

"Oi've been taken an the parrk polace, as Sarjint, Mrs. Casey. Oi'll have a chanst to fale a harrse undher me ag'in. 'Tis phwat Oi've lahng been wishin'.' ('Tis a foine figger he is an a harrse, Mrs. Flanigan.) 'Have an oye t' the ould la-ady yonder, now an' thin, if ye can,' siz he, manin' her Oi was jist afther lavin'. 'Twill not be so ahftin Oi can get to see her.'

"Oi towld Mary Ann ahl Oi'd sane an' heard, phwin Oi got hoame. She luked

sober, an' was moighty quoit loike ahl the avenin', but she didn't say annyt'ing."

The dishes being "done" and put away, Mrs. Casey carefully spread the damp towel on a bit of line behind the stove and seated herself in the rickety rocker, which squeaked musically on the uneven floor as she rocked to and fro, her eyes reminiscently thoughtful.

"Soon afther that she jined the litherary cloob—the Blackin'—no—that's not it! Phwat is ut at ahl! Blooin'—no—oh, Brownin'! That's the na-ame! The Brownin' Cloob. Brownin' was a man that wroate a book wanst."

"There do be a man be that na-ame kapes a clothin' shtore down town," observed Mrs. Flanigan, who, it must not be supposed had been silent all through this story. Her remarks, however, as was usual at such times, having been chiefly of an interjectory character, had in no wise interrupted the steady flow of Mrs. Casey's speech—a tide at all times difficult to stem, and especially so when the subject thereof was Mary Ann.

"Yis," replied Mrs. Casey, anent the man by the name Browning, "Oi raymimber. Moike bought a shute iv clothes ahf him

wanst. Maybe he's soom rela-ashin. The man that wroate the book lived in Bostin though, Oi t'ink. The cloob is both fer la-adies an' gints, an' mates at the house iv wan iv the Hoigh School tachers. There's about twinty belahngs to ut. The Gilhooleys an' a lot more. Oi doan't know manny iv thim. Well, Oi soon began to hear about a man be the na-ame iv Baxther, who wint there. Mary Ann was ahftin shpakin iv him, an' Rosy an' Annie did be alwa-ays tazin' her about him, fer 'twas quoite gahn an her he was, they sid. 'Twas Misther Baxther this, an' Misther Baxther that, an' the bewtiffle t'ings he'd be sayin' at the cloob, an' the illigint way he cud rade the pomes, an' the complimints he was afther givin' Mary Ann, an' the books he'd be sindin' her, an' the foine oyes he had, an' so han'sim he was, an' sich manners, an' the loike o' that.

"'An' phwat does he be doin' fer a livin'?' Oi siz,

"'He's studyin' Airrt at the Institoot,' siz Mary Ann. 'He has great talint,' she siz.

"'Who towld ye so?' siz Oi.

"'Oh, he towld me phwat the airtists siz iv his wurrk.'

"'He's lukin' fer a woife that's willin' t' support him Oi'm t'inkin',' Oi siz, fer Oi didn't take much shtock in him. Perhaps 'twas beca'se Oi was jealiss fer Tom.

"'Now, Maw,' siz Mary Ann, 'He's an annerible gintleman an' Oi t'ink he has manes, be the cloas he wears an' the money he shpinds,' she siz.

"'Huh!' siz Oi. 'Ye can't always be tellin' be that! Perhaps soom wan ilse goes widout, t' kape him so flush,' Oi siz. 'Go aisy wid him!' Oi siz.

"At last wan da-ay she had a note fr'm him axin' her to go sleigh roidin' wid him. ('Twas jist afther that last snow shtorm.)

"An the da-ay (Sathurda-ay it was), he drove up to the dure wid a gay cutther an' a loively lukin' harrse, an' he shure was a soight to take a gairrl's oye. He had an a fur overcoat, an' a fur cap an' gloves, an' his hair was curly an' his chakes as pink as a gairrl's. He wasn't tall nor big, loike Tom, but he was that *illigint* lukin', an' his v'ice so saft an' wheedlin', an' phwin he tuk me hand an' give ut sich an admoirin' squaze—jist tinder enough t' be flattherin', but not enough t' be takin' a liberty wid ye, d'ye moind?—Oi siz t' mesilf.

"'Aha! me young honey burrd! 'Tis Bridget Casey that's an t'yer smooth wa-ays! 'Tis a moighty purrty p'ace iv dhroy goods ye arre, an' virry saft falin', but Oi'm not shure ye're ahl wool yet! Troth, Oi have me sispishins iv ye!'

"Oi tuk him into the pa-arlor an' sat down to inthertain him, fer 'twas a bit airly an' Mary Ann wasn't riddy. He tuk ahf the fur gloves an' roobed his hands a bit. They was moighty slim an' whoite, an' he had two or t'ree jooled rings an thim, an' they shmelled iv foine scinted soap.

"'Is Aldherman Casey well?' siz he.

"'He's foine.' Oi siz. 'How's yersilf?'

"'Quoite well, t'anks,' siz he.

"''Tis grand winter weather we're havin',' Oi siz.

"'Glorious!' siz he. 'The air is as ixilly-ratin' as champagne,' he siz.

"'Oi niver tasted the shtuff,' Oi siz, 'but maybe ut is.'

"'Oi doan't shpake fr'm faymiliar ixpay-ri'nce,' he siz. 'Oi but used a commin figger iv spache.'

"'Indade, an' ye doan't luk as if ye'd have the hid fer much iv ut—the drink—Oi mane,' Oi siz.

" He give me a quick look an' picked up wan iv Mary Ann's books fr'm the table.

"'Arre yez fond iv howls?' he siz, turrnin' oaver the laves.

"'Oi can't sa-ay Oi am,' Oi siz. 'Oi niver heard anny that was agrayible t' me ears, phwither it was the dog's or the baby's or the b'ys' phwin they gits a batin,' Oi siz.

"'Oi refurred t' the ahthor iv this book,' he siz. 'Misther Howls. He do be a foine wroiter.'

"'Oh yis,' Oi siz. 'Mary Ann loikes the book. Oi dare say ut's foine, but Oi cudn't kape awake phwin she troid t' rade ut to me, so Oi can't say much about ut. There's wan that Larry had fr'm the loiberry last wake that's grand though. 'Tis wan iv thim detictuv shtories. Oi fergit the na-ame iv ut, but it'll not oanly kape ye awake doorin' the radin', but ahl the noight afther,' Oi siz.

"'Oi shud inj'y hearin' yer opinyin' iv me frind Misther Ibson,' he siz. 'Ye have sich an incriminatin' ta-aste,' he siz, givin' me a flattherin' luk fr'm the big brown oyes iv him." ("*Dis*criminating," was the word Mr. Baxter used, but perhaps the other would have been equally appropriate.)

"'Bring him around some noight,' Oi

siz, an' Oi'll soize him up fer ye. Does he wroite books?' Oi siz.

"'He has written a few,' siz he.

"'Detictuv shtories?' siz Oi.

"'Not ixactly,' siz he. 'Tis problum pla-ays he wroites moastly.'

"'Oi niver heard iv thim koind,' Oi siz. 'Is it somethin' in the tin, twinty, thurrty loine?' Oi siz. 'Till him to bring thim around an' rade thim to Larry. He do be a judge iv a good pla-ay, an' he'll till him whether they 'll ta-ake or not.'

"'T'anks ahf'ly, Mrs. Casey,' he siz. 'Oi 'll minshin ut to Misther Ibson. If he can abtain Misther Larry's approovle 'twill be the makin' iv him, Oi'm shure.'

"'Thrue fer ye, Misther Baxther! Oi siz. 'Larry's the b'y that knows a good t'ing phwin he sees ut, an' he'll not be afraid t' till him phwat's wrang wid ut ayther. He siz some iv the stunts they do be pittin' an at the voodyville bees that rank they'd give ye a pain.'

"'Oi've no doubt iv ut; not the laste, Mrs. Casey,' he siz. 'Phwat you say confurrms me opinyin iv Misther Larry's purpycatisty.' (Oi *t'ink* that's the wurrd; 'twas foine, large, illigint wurrds he did be usin'.)

"Jist thin Mary Ann ca-ame in. Her oyes was broight, an' her chakes rid, an' she luked hansim enough t'ate, but Oi t'ought she samed mad about soomthin', an' Oi was surproised that she acted so haughty loike, phwin Misther Baxther shuk hands wid her; fer ye cud see wid half an oye that there was no ma-ake belave about his admoirin' her.

"As they was goin' out the dure Oi found out phwat the matther was, fer she sid in a v'ice that wud fraze ye shtiff,

"'Oi doan't t'ink 'tis koind iv ye t' be makin' fun iv me payple, Misther Baxther,' siz she.

"Thin the dure shut, an' Oi cudn't hear phwat he sid. Oi was a bit knocked oaver mesilf, fer Oi hadn't the laste sispishin he was makin' fun iv me. He was so sayrious loike, niver crackin' a smoile the whole toime. Oi t'ought to mesilf, 'Ye've pit yer fut in ut now, me young shwell! Mary Ann knows well enough she's smarter th'n the rist iv us, but it's a cowld da-ay fer anny wan that dares show they notuss ut—bliss the thrue hairrt iv her!'

"About an hour afther that, Oi was lukin' out the windy, phwin a docther's cab dhrove up, an' Oi saw an ould gintleman helpin'

Mary Ann out iv ut. Oi was that shcared Oi cud hardly git to the dure, an' Oi must have showed ut in me fa-ace, fer she siz,

"'Doan't be froightened, Maw, Oi'm not hurrt!'

"'Not a bit, Mum,' siz the docther. 'She's jist had a bit iv a shock, but she's ahl roight now.'

"Thin she towld me how ut was.

"They was dhroivin' up the boolevard, phwin a b'y t'rew a snowbahl an' hit the harrse, an' he began to roon. Misther Baxther throid at firrst to quoit him, but afther two or t'ree blocks iv ut he lost his hid an' yells, 'Jump out an' sa-ave yersilf!' an' out he skips into a big snow dhrift. Mary Ann snatched the reins as he dhrapped thim, fer she didn't dare joomp. She pulled fer her loife, wid the harrse goin' in woild lapes, an' the cutther scarce touchin' the ground. Be good luck the road was smooth, an' ivery-t'ing got out iv the wa-ay, but she filt her strengt' goin' an' t'ings begun t' turrn black befoor her oyes, phwin she heard a man's v'ice behoind her shout, 'Howld toight, Molly gairrl, Oi'll catch him!' The nixt minnut Tom was up wid her an a big gray harrse. Thin he was at the baste's hid sthrugglin'

wid him. Thin the nixt t'ing she raymimbered was foindin' hersilf loyin' an a snow bank wid a crowd iv payple around her an' soomwan rubbin' snow an her fa-ace.

"The docther happened to be passin', an' he sid he'd bring her hoame. She throid t' git a chanst t' spake wid Tom, but as soon as he saw she was ahl roight, an' goin' t' be tuk hoame, he shlipped awa-ay, lavin' another polaceman t' take the harrse an' cutther back to Misther Baxther. She didn't wait fer *him*, the coward!'

"That noight she wrote a letther to Tom. She didn't show ut to me but Oi t'ink she hoped it would bring him to see her. Sorra a shtep did he coom near though, an' she was moighty quoit ahl the nixt wake.

"The noight afther the sleigh roide, Misther Baxther ca-ame to see her, but she towld Patsy to till him she was inga-aged an' cudn't see him.

"She didn't go to the cloob matin' ayther, an the nixt da-ay the Gilhooley gairrls ca-ame to see phwat was the matther. Afther a phwoile, Oi heard Rosy sa-ay,

"'So ye're goin' t' take back yer big polaceman, arre ye?'

"'Oi doan't know as Oi'll have a chanst

t' take him back!' siz Mary Ann, 'but lit me till youse gairrls, there's more to Tom Donovan than you t'ink. He'll niver know phwether Ibson was the Imp'ror iv Chiny or a Bow'ry saloon kaper, an' he'll care liss, an' he may niver be able to till an imprishinist paintin' fr'm the masterpieces the kindergarten kids turrns out, an' shmall blame to him. Oi have a horrible sispishin that he loikes rag toime betther th'n Sho-pang, an' he'll probilly alwa-ays prayfur walkin' up the tail iv yer gown t' walkin' besoide ye, but he's a *man*, an' Oi'm proud to know him, which is more than Oi'll say fer Misther Williby Baxther! Oi've been doin' a power iv t'inkin' this last mont' or two, an' Oi've ma-ade up me moind there's a few t'ings betther worth havin' th'n aivin iddica-ashin; an' thrue manliniss is wan iv thim, an' onsilfishniss is another. Phwat do ye t'ink Oi heard yistherda-ay? Williby Baxther's mother an' sisther ta-ake in sewin' an' narely shtarve thimsilves, to give him coolcher an' foine cloas. Tom Donovan gave up his iddicashin that his sisthers moight have wan, an' 'twasn't beca'se he didn't want phwat he ga-ave up ayther. He may niver rade a book, or shpake a loud wurrd in coompany; he

may aivin dhrink out iv the finger bowls if ut shud plaze him, fer ahl Oi care! He'll still be hid an' shouldhers above anny other man Oi know, an' Oi——' wid that she was an the sofy, croyin' an' sobbin', an' the gairrls huggin' an' comfortin' her.

"Wid me hairrt dancin' a jig insoide iv me, Oi shlipped out iv the house an' ma-ade thracks fer the Donovan's that noight, an' the grass didn't be growin' undher me fate ayther. Be good luck Tom was hoame, an' he ca-ame t' the dure. Oi didn't wait fer manners, but Oi siz,

"'Tom Donovan, arre ye still wishin' to marry me Mary Ann?'

"'Oi doan't t'ink ye nade t' ax me that queschin, Mrs. Casey,' siz he.

"'Well thin, git a move an ye!' Oi siz. 'Tis aytin' her hairrt out fer ye she is.'

"He turrned whoite fer a minnut, though his fa-ace was shoinin'. Thin he shuk his hid sad loike, an' siz,

"'Oi'm fearin' ye're mistakin, Mrs. Casey. She's sorry fer me, an' ma-akes much iv me catchin' the harrse fer her; that's ahl. 'Twas nothin'; Oi was goin' the rounds inshpectin', an' thank God Oi happened there at the roight toime, though anny iv the min

would have done the sa-ame. 'Tis ahl in the da-ay's wurrk.'

"'Oi tell ye Oi'm not mistakin!' Oi siz. 'Oi know me oahn choild.' An' Oi towld him phwat Oi'd heard that afthernoon. 'Now will ye coom back to her, y'ould bat?' Oi siz.

"'Oi'll coom, Mother Casey, God bliss ye!' he siz, an' near wrung the hand ahf me.

"He ca-ame that sa-ame——Hivins! phwat's that clock sthroikin'? Noine! An' me sittin' here gassin' as if there was niver the lick iv wurrk to be done in me house this blissid da-ay! No, Oi can't wait t' till ye anny moare now. The weddin's to be in A-april! Coom oaver an' Oi'll till ye ahl about ut. Good-boy!"

CHAPTER XV.

MARY ANN'S TROUSSEAU.

"DID ye coom oaver t' see the trow-*soo*, Mrs. Flanigan? Good! 'Tis foine, though Oi say ut that shudn't. Coom roight up shtairs. We're ahl tore up down here, wid clanin' the pla-ace fer the weddin' doin's. Wasn't Oi lucky t' have Mag Hinnissey t' hilp me fer the whole wake? It bein' Easther vacashin Ellen can luk afther the twins, an' the payple Mag washes fer arre away, so she can coom ivery da-ay. Did ye git yer invita-ashin?"

"Yis. Aint they rale illigint!"

"'Dade 'n they arre! Oh, Mary Ann! Here's Mrs. Flanigan coom t' have a look at yer trow-*soo!* Coom an' show her! There thin! Doan't that be lukin' loike bisnuss?" and Mrs. Casey waved her arm proudly in the direction of the mass of dainty feminine belongings laid out on the bed.

Mrs. Flanigan gasped in astonishment at the display, and her limited stock of adjectives was kept more than busy during the

next hour. Though Mary Ann came at her mother's request, and stood ready to offer any information necessary, it was Mrs. Casey who acted as show woman for the occasion.

"We'll begin wid the—phwat is ut Rosy Gilhooley calls ut now, Mary Ann?" laying her hand on a pile of snowy, lace trimmed garments.

"Lingerie, Mother," laughed Mary Ann.

"Lahng-jerry! Yis, that the b'y! We'll begin wid the lahng-jerry. There's a half dozen iv ivery t'ing. These we bought, but these we ma-ade, Mary Ann an' me. Oi want ye to moind the imbr'id'ry an' the him-stitchin'. Oi done ut wid me oahn two hands. 'Tis not fussy, but it's foine, an' Oi'm not ashamed iv ut, though 'tis manny years since Oi turrned me hand t' the loike. Oi was taught foine nadle wurrk phwin Oi was a gairrl. That's a bit iv rale ould Oirish lace Oi brought wid me fr'm the ould coonthry. 'Twas me A'nt Mary Ann that ga-ave ut t' me, her that Mary Ann was na-amed fer. Oi niver had annyt'ing good enough to put it an, so it's been laid away in the ould chist ahl these years. 'Tis a bit yally, but 'tis the ra-ale t'ing. This wan is purrty, Oi t'ink. The tucks an' la-ace ma-akes a noice thrim-

min'. That's valley-seens la-ace, that there. This wan is torchin. Now Oi'll show ye the drisses—*gowns*, Oi shud be sayin'—nobody wears *drisses* anny moare. Oh! Oi've larrned a heap o' t'ings since the driss ma-aker's been wurrkin' here.

"This here's the sthrate gown; jist a little walkin' skurrt an' Aytin' jackut to wear wid shurrt waists. Aint ut nate? Oi loike that succotash braid that's on ut."

"Soutache braid, Mother," suggested Mary Ann.

"Aw, well," chuckled Mrs. Casey, "Ye see Oi t'ought succotash was moare befittin' wid an Aytin jackut. 'Tis this she'll be wearin' phwin she goes awa-ay—wid the hat to match," she went on. "Bring ut out, Mary Ann," and Mary Ann brought forth from its box a saucy turban and set it for a moment on the crown of dark hair that framed her piquant face.

"It luks *gra-and* an ye!" exclaimed the admiring Mrs. Flanigan.

"Wait till ye see the bist wan!" said Mrs. Casey, and Mary Ann replaced the brown turban with a dainty creation of lace, pink roses and sweeping plumes that quite took Mrs. Flanigan's breath away.

"'Tis a foine fowl thim fithers growed an!" was her awe-struck comment, when speech returned to her.

"Thrue fer ye, Mrs. Flanigan! an' phwat d'ye t'ink? Mary Ann thrimmed the two o' thim hats wid her oahn hands! She copied thim fr'm some Frinch hats she sane down town, an' the Gilhooleys say ye cudn't till thim apairt!" and Mrs. Casey glowed with pride in her daughter's skill.

There followed the display of more bridal gear, simple but pretty, and suitable for the needs of the future Mrs. Donovan.

"Now show the widd'n' gown!" said Mrs. Casey, at last.

"No, I can't do that. No one is to see it till I have put it on for Tom. He must see it first," said Mary Ann, blushing delightfully.

"Well, have ut yer oahn wa-ay," laughed Mrs. Casey, indulgently, "but Oi'll till ye phwat it luks loike, Mrs. Flanigan. Here's a schrap iv ut," and she extracted from the waste basket a bit of satiny, white material and spread it out upon her knees.

"'Tis pew-de-soy. That's the na-ame iv ut."

"Peau-de-soie, Mother," corrected Mary Ann.

"Pody-swat—all roight—an' it has a thrail to ut, an' 'tis shcrambled around——

"Shirred, Mother!"

"All roight—shurred ut is—round the skurrt; an' the waist has a Martha——"

"Bertha, Mother!'

"Aw, phwat's the differince? Oi knew ut was wan iv thim na-ames—a Bertha iv la-ace hangin' oaver the shouldhers, an' a shtack iv la-ace round the nick——"

"A stock, you mean."

"Yis, a shtock—an' pooffyin la-ace slaves to ut an' a la-ace griddle——"

"*Girdle, please*, Mother!"

"Aw well! gurrdle's the wurrd thin! an' 'tis the swatest t'ing ye iver clapt yer two oyes an, an' she luks loike—gwan out now, Mary Ann! We doan't nade ye no moare —shure Oi mustn't be praisin' her to her fa-ace," she went on, when Mary Ann had left the room, "but 'tis a foine, illigint figger she is in ut phwin she gits an her new sthraight front, an' Mrs. Gilhooley is goin'to lind her her ra-ale la-ace veil! Phwat d'ye t'ink iv that? The gairrls can't do enough fer her, nor fer Tom ayther, an' 'twud plaze ye t' see the wa-ay they git an togither—the gairrls an' Tom, Oi mane.

They jist lay thimsilves out t' be noice t' him, an' he's coom out so, he do be a difterint b'y! He was here last noight phwin they was ahl here, an' talkin' and laughin' and joakin' wid thim as aisy as aytin'. The gairrls was that plazed, an' Rosy siz phwin they was goin', 'Mary Ann,' siz she, 'He's jist gra-ate! He's no ind iv fun phwin ye get him thawed out! An' so *intheristin'!* Oi wudn't have belaved ut!' May be ye t'ink Mary Ann wasn't proud! Ye see Oi t'ink Tom ma-ade up his moind Mary Ann shudn't be sorry she tuk him back. It didn't be aisy at furrst, but afther he'd made an attimpt, an' found the gairrls riddy to mate him half wa-ay, the wurrst was oaver, an' 'twas ahl roight afther that. If ye ixpict payple to luk down an ye an' hand ye the oice pitcher, they'll do ut, shure t'ing, an' if ye *t'ink* they t'ink ye're stoopid, ye'll *act* stoopid, noine toimes out iv tin; an' voicy vurrsy, if ye put up a good bluff that ye're as shmarrt an' know as much as anny wan, an' ixpict ivery wan t' belave ut an' give ye the glad hand, they'll do ut, an' tin to wan they'll niver be knowin' the differince, or if they do, it's little they'll care."

"Ahl this manes a dale iv wurrk," said Mrs. Flanigan, who, during Mrs. Casey's dissertation, had not ceased to gloat over the pretty finery upon the bed.

"An' that's no dhrame, Mrs. Flanigan; but Oi doan't begrudge it. The phwoite t'ings has been done at odd toimes, fer a year or moare. We sewed togither, Mary Ann an' me, and manny's the swate talk we had oaver the stitches. We'll both be betther women fer thim, ahl our da-ays," and a tender moisture gathered in Mrs. Casey's eyes.

"Now Oi'll show ye the prisints that's coom," she went on briskly, as if ashamed of this display of feeling. "Oh yis! They've been coomin' fer a wake. They do be undher the bid—ahl that wud go undher—t'hoide thim fr'm burrglars," and Mrs. Casey, with much secrecy, and many grunts and puffs from exertion, produced from under the bed a number of interesting looking packages.

In the language of the society reporter, "the presents were many and beautiful," albeit the taste displayed in their selection was more varied than is usual on such occasions.

"D'ye moind ahl the clocks?" said Mrs. Casey as she exhibited the fifth one. "Shure they ought to be knowin' the toime iv da-ay. This wan is fr'm Rosy an' Annie Gilhooley. Ye know they're to be broidesmaids. 'Tis the foinist wan iv ahl, but they're goin' to change ut. Oh! Oi haven't shown ye Mrs. Gilhooley's prisint. 'Tis this chist iv bewtiffle linnun, d' ye moind? Ra-ale Oirish linnun too, ut is. Did ye iver see sich table clot's an' napkins? 'Twas loike Mrs. Gilhooley t' have the good sinse t' give her a t'ing loike that. They do be goin' t' kape house in a nate little flat over near the parrk, ye know."

"An' phwat becomes iv ould lady Donovan?"

"She's to live wid Kate. Both iv the gairrls is to be married in the fall. They'll marry well too."

"Aw, but that do be an illigint vase!" exclaimed Mrs. Flanigan, as Mrs. Casey removed the wrappings from a very large and showy vase, of gaudy coloring, covered with cheap decoration.

"Shure Oi t'ink 'tis a beauty, but Mary Ann turrns up her nose at ut. 'Tis from the Fogartys. Mary Ann siz it luks as if they

throid t' git the biggest t'ing they cud fer the money. She siz 'tis tawdhry, an' she'll be ashamed t' have ut in the house. 'Oi doan't care how little a prisint costs,' she siz, 'if 'tis foine iv it's koind. Here's a bit iv a handkerchief that wan iv her music pup'ls ga-ave her. 'Tis as plain as me fa-ace, nothin' but the bit iv himstitchin'. But 'tis foine as a cobwib, an' made so dainty loike. There's nothin' she's had that's plazed her moare. There's the dure bell ringin'!" and Mrs. Casey flew to the window. "There bees the ixpriss waggin! Mary Ann!" she called. "'Twill be another prisint fer ye!" And followed closely by Mrs. Flanigan, she hurried down stairs. Mary Ann was already at the door, signing for the box that the expressman had deposited in the hall.

"Glory! but 'tis a big wan! Roon quick, Jahnny, an' fitch the hatchut! I wondher phwat ut is!" and as excited as if the wedding to be celebrated was her own, Mrs. Casey proceeded with vigorous blows and wrenchings to pry open the box.

"Whatever it is," said Mary Ann, "let us hope it isn't another clock!"

"Betcher 'tis!" said Johnny, stooping to peer under the edge of the cover.

"Git yer noase out iv the wa-ay befoor Oi shloice a pace ahf ut! Moy! but thim nails is tough!" With one final wrench, the cover gave way, and four pairs of hands began to tear out the excelsior, while baby Nora looked on in high glee, and Mrs. Hennissey stood in the doorway, scrub brush in hand, enjoying the excitement.

In less time than it takes to tell it, there was exposed to their eager gaze—another clock! Mrs. Casey and Mary Ann looked at each other in dismay, while Johnny danced round the group yelling,

"I told yer! I told yer!"

Mrs. Casey promptly opened the front door and "fired" the noisy youngster outside. Quiet being thus summarily restored, she turned to Mary Ann who was inspecting the card accompanying the gift.

"Who's it frum?" she asked.

"From the men in Tom's old precinct. This is Tom's present, not mine. Hear this! 'Congratulations and best wishes to the best man ever on the Force, from his old comrades.' Here are the names. Tom will be so pleased."

"He will that, an' 'tis a bewtiffle clock," agreed Mrs. Casey.

"Ahl solid gowld!" said Mrs. Flanigan. "Will ye be kapin' ut?"

"Yes indeed," said Mary Ann. "Two or three of the others can be exchanged perhaps. Anyway, it's nice to have a clock in every room."

"If they kape an," said Mrs. Casey, pessimistically, "ye'll have wan fer ivery closit, not to be minshinin' the coal cellar an' the oice bahx."

"If ut do be so bad as that, yer neighbors moight be willin' t' care fer wan or two o' thim fer ye," insinuated Mrs. Flanigan.

"Oh! have ye sane the pace in the pa-aper about the widd'n', Mrs. Flanigan? Wait till Oi show ye!" and Mrs. Casey produced from a table drawer a newspaper which bore the marks of much handling, and directed Mrs. Flanigan's distended vision to a paragraph in the society column, at the same time reading it aloud for her benefit, with an ease born of many proud perusals.

"'Miss Mary Ann Casey, the atthractuv an' talintid daughther"—D'ye moind that? 'attrhractuv an' talintid?'—iv Misther Moichael Casey, the pop'lar aldherman iv the warrd'—did ye notuss that, Mrs. Flanigan? 'the *pop'lar* aldherman—is to be married an

Winsda-ay iv this wake, at hoigh noon, in St. Joseph's Churrch, to Misther Thomas Donovan who is rapudly roisin' an the parrk polace foorce iv our city, be raisin iv bra-ave an' faithful sairvuss.' How's that fer foine radin', Mrs. Flanigan?" and Mrs. Casey, with her arms akimbo, swelled with importance till she came dangerously near the fate of the famous toad of the fable.

Mrs. Flanigan was sufficiently profuse in her expressions of appreciation of the honor conferred upon the family by the public press, to satisfy even Mrs. Casey's taste.

"Oi suppose ye'll have a foine blowout here afther the church doin's," continued Mrs. Flanigan.

"Oh, 'twill be gra-and, though the coompany'll be shmall. Ye see the house bees too little fer manny. 'Twill be little throuble we'll have, fer there's a caperer coomin' t' sarve the brikfist."

"Phwat did ye sa-ay? *Brikfist* at that toime iv da-ay?"

"Yis; that's phwat they cahls ut."

"Phwat toime will yez be havin' dinner thin?"

"Faith, there'll be no dinner the da-ay, but we'll not be shtarvin'. Himsilf siz, 'Git

a furrst class caperer, an' till him t' give us a bang-up fade an' d—' Oi mane— 'niver moind the ixpinse!' So Oi done ut. 'Tis Briggs we'll be havin'. He capers fer ahl the shwell payple. There'll be eye-sthers an' chickin patsies an' lubster sally an' san'-wuches, an' oice crame—"

"Phwat koind?"

"Bricks, wid sthrawb'r'y an' vanilly, an' mistache."

Mrs. Flanigan stared in amazement.

"Phwat in the na-ame iv sinse do yez be havin' bricks an' mistaches in yer oice crame fer?" she demanded.

"Aw, 'tis in the *sha-ape* iv bricks, an' the mistache is a koind iv grane oice crame," explained Mrs. Casey.

Mrs. Flanigan was silenced but still bewildered.

"Thin there'll be a flowrist t' diccora-ate the pla-ace, an'—

"Gra-ate da-ay! here's yer man coomin' hoame t' dinner, an' me wid not a pratie in the pot yit!" and Mrs. Flanigan made hasty preparations for departure.

The front door opened, to admit not only Alderman Casey, but Tom Donovan, who carried a large package.

"How goes it, Mother Casey? How are you these days, Mrs. Flanigan? Where's the bride?"

"Here she is, Tom!" and Mary Ann appeared in the doorway in a distracting apron, edged with a tiny ruffle at the shoulders, and stopping just short of her well shaped foot. She brandished a bread knife in one hand and a plate in the other.

Regardless of spectators, Tom swept her off her feet with one strong arm, and disappeared with her into the dining room.

"Look out for the knife, Tom!" called Alderman Casey after them, at the same time tossing little Nora to his shoulder.

When, after a somewhat lingering leave-taking, Mrs. Flanigan had finally departed, Mary Ann called her parents to the dining room, where not only dinner awaited them, but the contents of Tom's package stood revealed.

"See what Tom has brought me!" cried Mary Ann, with shining eyes. "This beautiful set of Shakespeare!" and she caressed, with loving fingers, the handsome bindings.

There was a slamming of doors, a shout of laughter, a rush of heavily shod feet, and the room seemed suddenly bursting with boys.

"Golly ! Ain't they fine and dandy though !" exclaimed Patsy, seizing one of the cherished volumes, and turning the leaves swiftly, in search of pictures.

"Lemme see too !" demanded Mickey.

"Git on to de guy wid de spinach !" cried Johnny, spying a portrait of the bearded Lear.

"Lave thim aloan, wid yer dirrthy hands !" came the maternal command, over the din. "Gwan an' clane yersilves fer dinner, ivery wan iv youse b'ys, an' be quick about ut ! Here's Larry coomin', an' the mate's gittin' cowld."

"These will be the beginning of our library," said Mary Ann, with a lingering glance at the books, as they took their places around the table.

"And she's promised to read them all to me," announced Tom, smiling proudly.

"I see your finish !" remarked Mr. Casey.

"'Twill be betther than yours thin," retorted his wife. "Ax the blissin', Moike."

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